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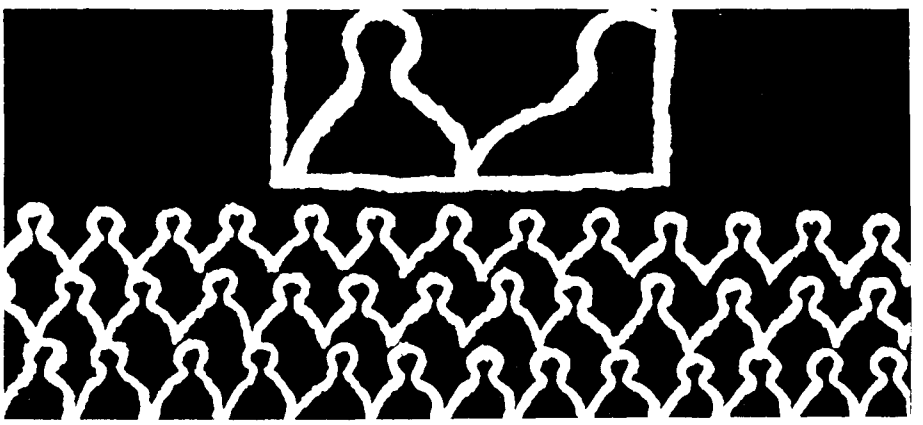

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NEWS AND VIEWS

When St. Luke's parish in Cleveland's all-white suburb of Lakewood was looking recently for a cook for the rectory, classified ads were routinely placed in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and the *Catholic Universe Bulletin*. The response was anything but routine, for the ads indecorously specified that the cook be "white."

All hell broke loose, and instantly everyone was running for cover. The *UB*, genuinely embarrassed, said the ad was contrary to a long-standing policy banning racial specifications from the paper, and blamed human error for the ad's getting into print. A *Plain Dealer* supervisor said that in the light of the furor, officials there planned to reconsider its policy of using color designations.

About the only unperturbed person, it seemed, was Msgr. Charles M. McBride, pastor of St. Luke's. He attributed the ad to a lay volunteer, denied that any discrimination was intended, and issued a personal (and somewhat startling) personal proclamation of racial tolerance. Said Msgr. McBride: "We have a Negro cleaning woman here one day a week and I have had a Negro housekeeper in the past. We don't owe an apology to anyone."

•

Recently a postcard arrived from I. F. Stone explaining that due to an operation for a detached retina and a post-operation heart attack, his publication, *I. F. Stone's Weekly*, was being temporarily suspended.

Izzy Stone once described himself as "America's most widely un-read journalist," although the circulation of his *Weekly* at the time of its suspension was around 40,000, no mean figure for a one-man job. But Stone is no ordinary man. His *Weekly*, begun in 1953 at the height of the McCarthyite hysteria, has evolved as the gadfly of American political journals, and since its inception has flown in the teeth of official myth and the misuse of power.

Surprisingly, Stone himself is a gentle man who has managed to avoid the callouses most journalists grow on their consciences as they hover around the decision-makers and the consequences of their negligence or brutality. Basically Stone is still an optimist with his eye on the tragedy he feels this country has become. He writes with a hopefulness that the course of history can be changed, and with a radical faith that the written word can still be effectual.

His admirers were saddened to hear that I. F. Stone was ill. But they are gladdened by the assurance that he will be well and writing again soon. He's a man much too important to be without.

•

Another Catholic voice has been added to the mounting chorus protesting policies of U.S. Catholic Relief Services in Vietnam. *Ave Maria* reviewed complaints against CRS in an editorial appearing in its Oct. 7 issue, and came to the conclusion that American Catholics' attempts to relieve distress "get all tangled up with politics and our government's foreign policy" if they are channeled through the official relief agency of the U.S. Catholic Conference—Catholic Relief Services.

Ave Maria endorsed the suggestion of the Catholic Peace Fellowship and other groups that American Catholics withhold donations to CRS and send them instead to "less partisan" groups, such as Vatican-based Caritas Internationalis.

•

A controversy currently agitating Canadians is that of extending aid and comfort to Americans entering Canada in order to avoid the U.S. military draft.

Officials of two large campus religious clubs at the University of Toronto —B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation and the Student Christian Movement—appeared recently before the university's student council in behalf of an aid program for U.S. youths in flight from the draft. The student council responded by voting $250 to a fund drive launched earlier by 40 university professors.

About the same time, the United Church of Canada's Board of Evangelism and Social Service, holding that Americans had the right of conscientious objection to the war in Vietnam, voted $1,000 to Canadian volunteer groups assisting new arrivals from the U.S. to find accommodations and jobs. It also passed a resolution urging Canadians to welcome Americans evading the draft.

Such actions are not sitting well with all. Both the appropriation and the motion of the Board of Evangelism and Social Service were repudiated by the Church's General Council. The council executive said the United Church of Canada is not in the business of encouraging U.S. "draft-dodgers" to come to Canada. And Toronto's controller, Allan Lamport, commented that if the Church had enough money for helping U.S. emigrants, "it has enough money to start paying its property taxes."

There's a thought to shake up the establishment.

•

Dismaying patrons and friends of Conception Abbey Press, generally looked to as a house of taste, is the framed blessings series being promoted by the firm. Among the offerings, an Elevator Blessing:

"Holy Michael Raphael, Protector of Travel, we pray thee to be the guardian of this elevator. Keep from evil all who ride in it. Receive them under thy care when they enter and dismiss them safe and unharmed when they leave. And through our wandering in this world of strife, lead us up to the bliss of eternal life."

Next a blessing for up the down staircase.

•

A press release about the new mosaics in the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, D.C., states that the project "calls to mind the grandeur found in the masterpieces of Michelangelo or Tintoretto." Wow!

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

CAIP Fires Back

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I write in response to the observations of John Deedy in "News and Views" (Sept. 29) on the "disenchantment of the peace community with the Catholic Association for International Peace" and on Exhibit A submitted as the latest reason for this disenchantment, namely, my presidential statement urging the Administration to desist from counter-city warfare in North Vietnam and from brinksmanship implicit in raids close to the border of Communist China.

I could argue with Mr. Deedy about the merits of my own position on the war in Vietnam, which differs from his, and from *Commonweal*'s. But that would be a personal matter of very little consequence to your readers for which I would not request space in your "Correspondence" section. I can find sufficient opportunities to defend them in other places.

I cannot, however, let down the hundreds of present members of CAIP, or the hundreds of deceased members of this organization, by ignoring Mr. Deedy's summary dismissal of CAIP from "the peace community."

The Catholic Association for International Peace, reflecting the social teachings of the Church in our time, has never defined "peace" or "the peace community" in the way in which Mr. Deedy appears to define these terms. Among other things, we have always insisted that an essential element of peace is justice and that the triumph of injustice is not "peace" and that the mere absence of war is not necessarily "peace." Not all of us would be enthusiastic about the practical contributions to "peace" that could be made by the "Peace Academy" endorsed, according to Mr. Deedy, by the Christian Family Movement. We would want to know whether it would produce pious, platitudinous generalities, of little use to responsible statesmen, or whether it would

(Continued on page 94)

NEWS & VIEWS: 66 **CORRESPONDENCE: 67**
EDITORIALS: 67
THE PAULISTS DEPART: *A. V. Krebs, Jr.* **68**
PRIESTS' ASSOCIATIONS GO REGIONAL: *John J. Hill* **69**
THE PRESSURES MOUNT ON LBJ: *Steven V. Roberts* **70**
THE REVOLUTION IN RETROSPECT: *William Pfaff* **71**
CAGING THE WHITE DOVE: *Michael Novak* **72**
MYTHOLOGY OF THE A.B.M.: *Edgar M. Bottome* **74**
COUNTERREVOLUTION IN THE MOVIES: *William F. Lynch* **77**
VERSE: *Richard Jackson* **86** *Paul Velde* **88** *Robert Wallace* **88**
RECORDS:: *B. H. Haggin* **86** ***THE SCREEN:*** *Philip T. Hartung* **87**
BOOKS: 89

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THE OLD POWER PLAY

One of the minor mysteries in television circles these days is the fate of the documentary film on Catholic schools which was produced by National Educational Television and shown last May on NET outlets across the country. Entitled "Every Seventh Child," the program was a provocative piece of work that succeeded in raising more questions than most expected and more than some would have liked. By general appraisal, the program was not as well-rounded as it might have been, but by no means was it mischievous or sinister, as a few, like Citizens for Educational Freedom, professed to believe. CEF, a militant aid-to-education group that describes itself as non-partisan and non-denominational (it is actually quite partisan and quite Catholic) indulged in the wildest kind of talk that contributed substantially to complications for the film.

Whatever that, after its May run "Every Seventh Child" was placed in NET's library at Bloomington, Ind., from where NET films are routinely made available for re-runs and for non-broadcast audio-visual use by the public. However, no sooner was the film in Bloomington than it was moved to the reserved shelves. Rumors began to circulate. Edwin R. Bayley, NET vice-president, issued a statement saying "Every Seventh Child" had been "temporarily withdrawn" from service, but allegedly only "for study and review . . . to see whether it remains timely and warrants continued distribution." The feeling in the trade, however, and especially among many close to the film, is that NET is responding to pressure, much of it from the New York Chancery, to keep the film under lock and key and out of the hands of any who would use it to counter the Catholic campaign in support of New York's proposed new state constitution.

A major point of contention in connection with this constitution is, of course, the repeal of the Blaine Amendment, with its specific prohibitions of direct or indirect aid to church-related schools. So passionately committed is

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the Catholic Church in the State of New York to repeal that any explanations and all denials of suppression of a film that looks critically at the place and quality of Catholic schools are almost automatically unpersuasive. The withdrawal of the film fits too logically into a pattern of Church pressure that extends in several directions. One has to hark back to Massachusetts Church struggles of the 1940's to retain the birth control law to find anything quite like it.

Pressure and suppression are disagreeable tactics at all times, but especially in connection with an issue as complex and as sensitive as a new state constitution. There are many reasons to be pleased or displeased, to be for or against New York's proposed constitution; the document runs to 23,000 words and numbers scores of articles, on topics as diverse as judiciary reform and citizens' rights to privacy. The fundamental deficiency in the apparently official Catholic approach to the new constitution is the disposition to view the whole question in the context of a single article. The voter registration drive being pushed from pulpits, the dunning of the diocesan press, the parish hall lectures, the church door hand-outs, the special programs being beamed over the Church's television facilities —all focus exclusively on Blaine Amendment repeal. The inevitable conclusion is that Catholic interest in the constitution is selfish and determined by the opportunities the new constitution would open up in the way of aid to Catholic schools. It goes almost without saying that this is no reason to be for the new constitution, any more than disagreement on the point alone is sufficient reason to be against it.

There is a further consideration. Catholic single-mindedness that evaluates an entirely new state constitution in terms of aid to Catholic schools is bad enough in itself, but it becomes almost sick when contrasted alongside apostolates that go neglected. If kindred energies were devoted to such problems as peace, race relations and the welfare of the poor, then it would be possible to look with some understanding on the Church's campaign on behalf of aid to Catholic schools. But the Church's record in these broader, more urgent fields of concern is spotty at best. So long as it remains so, the public has every right to look cynically on the Catholic Church's interest in new state constitutions, beginning in the State of New York.

ARMS AND CULTURE

A few years ago French President Charles de Gaulle went on a goodwill tour of South America, in the course of which he extolled the glorious cultural and religious heritage shared by all Latin peoples and called for an independent third force in world affairs, made up of underdeveloped nations (presumably with France cheering on the sidelines) as a counter to the superpowers, Russia and America. De Gaulle's pitch, delivered with due solemnity, was a fairly simplistic appeal to chronic Latin Gringophobia and beyond that a fairly obvious attempt to insinuate a large bourgeois foot into Latin American economic affairs. Having lost her colonies in Asia and Africa, France is anxious for new markets and Latin America seems ripe for that kind of cultural exchange.

A couple of weeks ago de Gaulle's tour paid off handsomely. Peru bought from France 12 supersonic Mirage V fighter bombers, for $20 million, and Argentina bought 50 AMX-30 tanks, powerful armored attack vehicles, for $10 million; both sales include spare parts and training costs. The U.S., predictably, was furious but is in a poor position to scold the French for contributing to the accelerating Latin arms race since we have been selling weapons to South American nations for years.

The real tragedy of the French arms sale and the Latin arms race is not that Peru and Argentina are likely to be plotting war against their neighbors. Rather it is that if these prestigious toys are used at all except in parades they will be used to maintain the rich and the military in their positions of malice and power, and to cut down any attempt to reform Latin societies from within. Thus, not too long ago, President Barrientos of Bolivia sent U.S.-made jet planes to strafe striking tin miners, and President Belaunde of Peru recently used modern arms in ruthlessly suppressing a peasant revolt in the Andes. Argentina, of course, is a military dictatorship that brooks no opposition.

Observers have confidently or nervously been predicting violent revolution in Latin America for years. So far it hasn't happened. It would seem that U.S., British and now French arms salesmen and other keepers of Western civilization may be relied upon to postpone the evil day indefinitely.

The Paulists Depart, but Tensions Linger in Dallas

Dallas

Last May, Bishop Thomas K. Gorman of the Dallas-Ft. Worth diocese banished the Paulist Fathers from his realm. Trying to find out exactly why the Bishop did so is not easy. The difficulty is compounded by the lack of candor about financial dealings that one has come to expect from Church officials and by the communications void between chancery and laity which is as vast in Dallas as elsewhere.

In a statement of May 20, 1967, Bishop Gorman explained that he had originally invited the Paulists to Dallas primarily to conduct a Newman Club program in the diocese and that he had assigned them to the newly-created parish of St. Paul the Apostle in Richardson, Texas, as a center for their activities. The Bishop insisted that their main task was not the development of the parish, but Newman work. According to the Bishop, the Paulists' uni-

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versity apostolate was largely unsuccessful. "The only surviving Newman work of the Paulists is at S.M.U.," Bishop Gorman said. "The problem has been and still is lack of financial resources."

Unfortunately, knowledge of the Newman Club's financial problems came too late for anything to be done to save the Paulists. Nevertheless, shortly after Bishop Gorman's announcement in May, a Texas businessman, who is also a member of St. Paul the Apostle parish, said that his corporation was prepared to obtain financing for the construction, operation and maintenance of a Newman Center which would include a 500-bed dormitory. He added that the diocese's only obligation would be to provide the Center with priests. Although this proposal was submitted to the Chancery on June 6, Bishop Gorman has so far ignored it.

Until last year, Father Joseph Drew, 34-year-old Paulist chaplain at Southern Methodist University, leased and maintained a Newman Center off-campus. Then the University invited him to establish an office in the Student Union building and to share the use of the Perkins School of Theology chapel. Because of the University's generosity, the Paulists' expenses at S.M.U. were reduced and they were able to provide services for some 500 Catholic students solely through private donations.

But Newman work was never intended to be the Paulists' only concern in Texas. Very Rev. John F. Fitzgerald, C.S.P., Superior General of the Paulist Fathers, has stated categorically: "The Paulist Fathers did not come into Richardson in 1956 simply to serve in the Newman Movement. There is nothing in the official files of the Paulist Fathers to indicate that one of the conditions for the Paulists receiving canonical charge of St. Paul the Apostle parish was extensive development of the Newman or University Apostolates in the diocese."

The development of St. Paul's under the Paulists' direction perhaps provides a clue to their eviction from Dallas. Beginning in 1956 with only 90 families, it has grown to 1,100 families. In Chancery office terms it is one of the outstanding parishes in the city: third in total income (with a school which charges no tuition); first in per capita giving ($121.31), through a voluntary lay-coordinated tithing program; and in 1966 the parish had the second largest debt reduction in the diocese. In recent years, with new industry providing new affluence, the Dallas population shift has been toward the north. St. Paul the Apostle is one of three parishes in that area maintained by religious orders—the Paulists, Jesuits, and Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Some feel that because the Paulists had the weakest of the three contracts Bishop Gorman saw an excellent opportunity to move into this prosperous suburb and secure a parish plum for the diocese.

After the Paulists' ouster, the Parish Advisory Council of St. Paul's called a protest meeting and more than 800 people gathered to voice their objection to the Bishop's action. The meeting gained national headlines. The next day Bishop Gorman issued his statement and diocesan Vicar General Gerald A. Hughes then sought to close off all debate by telling a PAC representative that "the matter was between the Paulists and the diocese." Well-organized efforts by the PAC to discuss the matter with the Chancery office have been fruitless. Father Johnson has indicated to the PAC that Bishop Gorman will under no circumstances change his mind—"that he will resign should anyone in higher authority reverse the decision." The laity have countered by appealing to the Apostolic Delegate.

Although the Paulists have left and the Chancery evidently hopes time will cool the laity's indignation, the situation in Dallas reflects the sort of problem bedeviling lay-hierarchy relations in innumerable other dioceses. The hierarchy, accustomed to absolute rule, wants no "outside interference" in running "their" dioceses. The laity and the lower clergy, taking their cue from Vatican II (perhaps naively), want a voice in the management of Church affairs. With each month they are less willing to be put off or dismissed as unruly children. The Dallas controversy only seems to be closed. A. V. KREBS, JR.

(A. V. Krebs, Jr., is a free-lance writer living in San Francisco.)

Priests' Associations Go Regional

Chicago

One hundred and twenty-five delegates from priests' senates and associations in a ten-state Midwest area met in Chicago recently to discuss some problems of the priestly ministry. The group, 40-ish and moderate, included 24 senate presidents. Only a few "young turks" were present.

The meeting was called by a steering committee of eight priests, one from each of eight Midwest ecclesiastical provinces: Chicago, Detroit, Dubuque, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Omaha, St. Louis and St. Paul. These men, all board members of the senates or associations, wanted to bring priests together to discuss those things which were always turning up on the senate and association agendas: How can clergy personnel boards help in the effective deployment of priests in the pastoral work of the diocese? How should such boards operate and what should be their relationship to the bishop of the diocese? What is the best way for senates and associations to communicate with their bishops and with the priests they represent? But the delegates were also meeting to learn how to collaborate with priests of other dioceses. Because of distance and the press of work, priests often do not know their counterparts even in the adjoining diocese. It is hard for them to feel that they are united in a spiritual fraternity of the one priesthood of Christ unless they have the opportunity to work as colleagues with priests of other areas.

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The Midwest meeting aimed, as one priest put it, "to make our outlook at least provincial."

This meeting was full of hope. There was little complaining about bishops' deficiencies or about the sagging morale in many dioceses. The general attitude seemed to be that there was so much important, positive work to be done that there simply was no time for negative criticism.

At the final session of the two-day meeting, a series of reports from the workshops was presented to the full group for debate and vote. The approved reports were to be recommended as procedural principles to senates and associations in the Midwest. After the steering committee indicated its intention to convene a similar Midwest meeting in the future, the delegates ratified a resolution seeking senate and association support for it. They also called on the committee to establish *ad hoc* interdiocesan commissions to continue work on the matters raised here.

At the close of the conference, one man summed up the delegates' impression of their gathering: "Priests around the country are thirsting for this kind of experience."

JOHN J. HILL

(Father John Hill, associate pastor of Presentation parish, Chicago, was first chairman of the Association of Chicago Priests.)

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DISSENT IN THE CONGRESS

THE PRESSURES MOUNT ON LBJ

Every day the feeling grows—Johnson is in deep trouble over the war. In recent weeks 49 workers for International Voluntary Services, a private relief organization working with the peasants of South Vietnam, branded the war "an overwhelming atrocity" that was destroying the society it purported to defend. Liberal Democrats in New York, California and a dozen other states started organizing campaigns to elect convention delegates who would oppose the President's renomination. Opinion polls reported declining support for the war and the rising popularity of Senator Robert F. Kennedy. Fifty-two Congressmen called for a Congressional study to determine whether the Administration has the constitutional authority to wage a full-scale war in Southeast Asia.

But the most interesting dissents came from two of the most intelligent and well-respected Republicans in the Senate—Clifford P. Case of New Jersey and Thruston B. Morton of Kentucky. Each of the Senators' speeches, delivered on successive days in Washington, illuminated major issues in the Administration's handling of foreign policy —issues which will grow increasingly troublesome to the President as the 1968 campaign begins to accelerate.

Senator Case attacked President Johnson for his "misuse" and "perversion" of the Gulf of Tonkin resolution adopted by the Senate with only two negative votes in August, 1964. By using this resolution to justify every expansion of the war, Senator Case declared, the President has been "highly irresponsible" and has "squandered his credibility" with a trusting Congress.

The importance of Senator Case's speech was not that he questioned the constitutional authority of the President —the point made by the 52 Congressmen the day before. The speech was important because it revealed the growing mistrust in Washington and in the rest of the nation of the President's wisdom and judgment in foreign affairs. As Senator Case put it, there is now a "crisis of confidence" in Lyndon Johnson. This is a more serious problem than the notorious "credibility gap" from which he has suffered. People no longer doubt only what he says, but what he does; they have lost faith in his policies as well as his appearances. This mistrust has grown so deep, James Reston reported recently, that even the President's closest friends are wondering whether he can continue to be an effective president.

If the "crisis of confidence" undermines Johnson's capacity to lead the country, it would be just as harmful to his re-election campaign. The unhappy fate of Richard Nixon and Barry Goldwater proves how detrimental a lack of public faith can be. Nixon never recovered from "Would you buy a used car from this man?" and Goldwater was destroyed when Johnson convinced the electorate that he could not be trusted with America's nuclear arsenal.

Senator Morton's speech raised an even more critical issue about the war and the next election. He said: "I believe that President Johnson was brainwashed by the military industrial complex as early as 1961 . . . and has mistakenly been committed to a military solution to Vietnam for the past five years, with only a brief pause during the election campaign of 1964 to brainwash the American people with the statement that 'the war in Vietnam ought to be fought by Asian boys.' " Acknowledging that he once supported escalation of the war, Sen. Morton said that increased military efforts would destroy Vietnam. "I was wrong," the Senator told his audience, a group called Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace.

It is precisely those words which Lyndon Johnson has never been able to say, and most likely never will be able to say about American policy in Southeast Asia. And it is the feeling that Johnson is irrevocably committed to a military solution in Vietnam which is most disturbing to dissident Democrats when they contemplate election year 1968.

The inability, or unwillingness, of the Johnson Adminis-

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tration to reassess its policy of escalation has been a central problem for at least three years. By "honoring our commitments" or by "supporting our boys," the Administration has precluded the possibility of correcting mistakes, of cutting losses, of re-evaluating decisions. It has become like a helpless animal caught in quicksand who refuses to get out of the bog, yet places all its hopes on hitting firm ground before it is completely engulfed. The frustration of many with the Administration is compounded by the feeling that Johnson has become so personally committed to the current course that rational argument is virtually useless.

Many Democrats are beginning to feel that only a Republican could say, like Morton, that current policy is wrong and must be changed. Thus only a Republican could end the war. These Democrats are beginning to think a strange and almost heretical thought: that maybe Dwight Eisenhower was the right man in 1952 and maybe a Republican is again needed to effect a peace.

Why? The first reason is that a Republican would not be publicly committed to the enormous military effort started by the Democrats. The second is that Republicans, largely for historical reasons, have less fear of being branded soft on Communism. They have a flexibility on this issue that the Democrats have lacked, at least since McCarthy.

Nevertheless, it would be difficult for the Republicans to run a campaign calling for de-escalation and the more vigorous pursuit of negotiations. If American commitments in Vietnam were largely imaginary before the Gulf of Tonkin resolution they are now very real—in terms of both prestige and the investment of men and material. We have created a stake in Vietnam whether we want it or not.

Maddening and mindless as it is, the argument that we must support the boys on the front lines is a powerful one. Senator John Stennis, for example, thinks the war is a disastrous and costly adventure, but sees no other course than to "get on with the job" now that we're there.

Saying "we were wrong"—and then calling for de-escalation rather than increased involvement—is going to take enormous courage on the part of any Republican candidate. The final frustration is that the prospects for such a Republican candidate remain bleak. A hawk is a more likely choice, mainly because the majority of the electorate which dislikes the war prefers a quick military victory to arduous negotiations. (Not to mention that several possible doves, like Romney and Percy, would probably cut back on critical domestic programs, especially with a larger Republican delegation in Congress.) The possibility that opponents of the war will have no place to go in 1968 grows larger all the time.

STEVEN V. ROBERTS

(Steven V. Roberts is a political reporter for the New York Times *and a contributor to* Esquire *and other periodicals.)*

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE REVOLUTION IN RETROSPECT

Fifty years after the Bolshevik Revolution, what is most obvious about Russia is the distance between Lenin's vision and the reality of Russian society today. To most commentators in the West this is reason for complacency. Russia, it seems, is no different from the rest of us, slowly amending its economics and social standards to converge with those of the West, relinquishing its ambitions to political and moral adventure, becoming, like us, *ordinary*. Lenin is entombed, Stalin disavowed, Liberman the liberal economist prophet of Russia's present and future.

But is it possible for Russia to be ordinary? These 50 years have been catastrophe and triumph for Russia, but the triumph—as must become increasingly apparent to the Russian people—is only a success over the old Russia. Politically, as Bolshevism chose to define the international and historical mission of the Soviet state, the Soviet Union has failed. Its influence in the world and the loyalties it could command have shrunk as Soviet society itself has grown moderate. Stalin once enjoyed unchallenged, unchecked, authority from the Elbe to the Yalu, and beyond there were great parties, political cadres, thousands of individuals obsessed with disciplining themselves to the service of this leader who chose to be known only by his revolutionary sobriquet, "Steel."

The world stood in awe and fear of Stalin, at a time when Russia itself was relatively weak. Today the world can hardly identify Kosygin and Brezhnev; the foreign Communists are indifferent to them or despise them; the West European Communists have gone their own revisionist ways; the East European parties are sterile—or in nationalist rebellion. Régis Debray, Fidel Castro, Ché Guevara, Vo Nguyen Giap are the heroes of the jacobin parties in the Third World. Robert McNamara appeals to the Soviet leadership to cooperate with the United States on grounds of a common interest in suppressing the arms race, nuclear proliferation and international disorder.

Materially, all that Russia has accomplished and endured adds up to a stunning victory over the Russian past, but by international standards it is a weak and costly achievement. By comparison to Japan's transformation of itself after the end of the Tokugawa shogunate in 1867, Russia's experience is a chronicle of violence and waste.

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Today Japan is one of the world's three great industrial producers with a mass standard of living which would seem magical to most Soviet citizens—and its rate of growth far surpasses that of Russia today, as does Italy's, and Spain's. Devastated Eastern Europe surpasses the Russian living standard, and with a refinement of life and taste unknown in Russia. The avowed ambition of Khrushchevian and post-Khrushchevian Russia, "to overtake and surpass the United States" in industrial and living standards, remains sheer fantasy.

For all its sophistication in space and weaponry, there is a huge naiveté about Soviet ambitions and the Soviet peoples' assessment of their place in the world. They are deeply ignorant of what really has happened in the rest of the world during these 50 years. It is a childish ignorance, and in a society of this natural strength and resource a frightening one. As one woman, a friend who lived in Russian-occupied Eastern Europe in the 1940's, has put it, modern Russia is a country in which the adolescents first killed all the adults, and then the children killed the adolescents. The upper classes and the bourgeoisie were lost in the Revolution. Then Stalin killed the revolutionary intelligentsia. In Edward Crankshaw's words, all that were left were the survivors and the destroyers. And the peasantry; Laurens van der Post speaks of Soviet cities today as villages which have grossly overextended themselves. It is a society obsessed with whether it is "cultured," with where its manners and accomplishments rank on a standard it only fitfully and sketchily grasps.

But this is not a nation to be patronized. If there is something poignant in its present situation, and much that is terrible in the way it has wounded itself and been wounded by others, Russia is also a nation with a capacity for courage, endurance, and sacrifice of a kind Americans have never been asked to display. It may be uncertain about many things but it is unshakably convinced of its own worth and destiny. This is precisely why the discrepancy between Bolshevik dream and Soviet reality is so ominous.

For a day must come when the Russian people realize what has happened to them, and how far they have yet to go—and how little their sacrifices have really won for them. They believed themselves precursors of a new and higher stage in human history; but the modern world is indifferent. Intending to inaugurate a twenty-first century society, in significant respects they have only reformed the nineteenth century. Max Beloff wrote two years ago, regretfully, of a trip to Moscow that "a few tired slogans on the walls or building sites are all that attest to the fact that one is present at the building of what once was heralded as a 'new civilization.' A tourist could easily forget that this is not just Russia but *Soviet* Russia. I now think that we shall have to consider the Russian present in quite a different way. We may have to demote the Revolution to yet another [Russian] 'Time of Troubles.' "

The belief in a new age, of *human*, not merely Russian, revolution, surely was not limited to that Bolshevik faction of the Russian socialists which seized control of the nation in 1917. These leaders dominated and abused the Russian people, but the people endured and stubbornly gave their loyalty to these visionaries. Whatever the mass of Russians have made of Communist ideology, they have not been cynics, or resentful victims. And if the ideology has lost force in Russian society, or at least has been opened to question and revision, the Russian sense of mission which the ideology had come to embody has not been lost.

So what happens when, as it must, the essential failure of the mission is grasped—that the world is unconverted, the newer Communists hostile to the old Communists, the Americans unsurpassed, Europe, even parts of Asia, outstripping Russia by the standards Russia has set for itself? Russia has always been an aberrant society, unstable, authoritarian, brilliant, messianic, its art lyric yet violent, its political life one of excess—in retreat as in assertion. The future, I believe, may provide a crisis for Russia as profound as that which this nation underwent during the 20 years which foreshadowed 1917. WILLIAM PFAFF

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INTRIGUE IN VIETNAM

CAGING THE WHITE DOVE

One day after he had announced the formation of the first opposition party in South Vietnam's history, Truong Dinh Dzu, the Saigon lawyer who polled an astonishing 17 percent of the popular vote in the recent presidential election, was convicted *in absentia* of two charges of illegal money transactions. The events surrounding these charges are instructive.

The first charge, writing a check for $8,000 which later bounced, dates from 1962. At that time, President Diem was suspicious that persons in the Kennedy administration were beginning to watch Dzu as a potential replacement for Diem. At the time of the Cuban missile crisis, Dzu's son David, a Stanford senior, tells me, a U.S. Air Force plane stood waiting to take the family from Saigon if a world conflict broke out. According to Dzu, Diem froze some of Dzu's bank accounts; the check bounced. It was made good very quickly by the lawyer's friends. A few months later, a bomb went off in the locker room of the country club where Dzu was supposed to be dressing; Dzu attributes to a favorable horoscope the fact that

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he was standing a few feet away and, despite others' being killed and wounded, was unscratched. Shortly after, Diem's police arrested him and his chauffeur, and then his wife and secretary. Americans refused to take risks to help him, and after his one month's confinement Dzu was resolved never again to count the American Embassy or the American press as a stepping stone to power.

While in prison, Dzu was cleared of the charge by the assistant director of Diem's secret police, Colonel Y, who determined that the charges were "politically motivated." Col. Y took a liking to Dzu and, now retired, willingly testified for Dzu before the Electoral Commission this past July, after the earlier case was dragged out of the files, presumably by agents of Premier Ky, and rumors about Dzu's "unsavory reputation" were broadcast. (Dzu was for years at the head of the list of lawyers recommended to Americans by the American Embassy.) The Electoral Commission cleared Dzu as worthy of running for the Presidency of South Vietnam.

The other charge, the illegal transfer of $11,500 to the United States in 1966, for the education of his daughter at UCLA and his son at Stanford, is equally silly. Dzu maintains that as a lawyer he is too intelligent to have broken such a law; he had American friends—he was President of Rotary in South East Asia, has visited the U.S., and maintains close contacts here—set up the fund for him. (David has complained to me that Vietnamese officials have tried to find his bank account and threatened to freeze it; he has had to keep changing banks.)

Another story popular in Saigon gossip is that certain unnamed Americans complained last winter about unusually high fees asked by Dzu, and accused him of offering to buy their release through bribery. One defense suggests that the Vietnamese judiciary is not independent of the administrative branch and that a good many cases are "settled out of court." Dzu rejects that defense and says that he thinks he is the best lawyer in Saigon, and his fees are a matter between him and his clients.

When Dzu was a little boy his father, who had studied Chinese characters and Chinese culture for years, told him that according to his horoscope his destiny was to become "the leader of his people and the unifier of his nation." Dzu believes firmly in his stars. His father also advised him never to become actively engaged in politics until his 50th year. He will be 50 this November. (He likes to point out that he shares the year of his birth, 1917, with John F. Kennedy, his political model.)

Although he waited until the official campaign date, Aug. 3, to emerge from his underground preparations, Dzu had a paid staff of 8,000 cadres in the provinces since at least January. He has been cultivating younger army officers and career officials in every Vietnamese government for years. Some officers who have helped execute every coup since 1963 are now on his staff. Unobserved and employing an alias, Nguyen Quang Dûng, Dzu won the support of the Tan Dai Viet party caucus in the summer of 1966—one wing of his "People's United Front." In 1967, he almost but not quite won the support of Thich Thien Minh and Thich Tri Quang in the central and northern provinces (at the last minute, they decided for Suu), although he did pick up support from a major Buddhist leader in the Delta. He also cultivated Nguyen Long Chau, leader of a Hoa Hao sect in the western provinces, whose ambition is to control the west as successor to the founder and hero of the Hoa Hao. Dzu's running mate, Tran Van Chieu, is a major in the Cao Dai. Dzu is proud, too, of small but influential Catholic support.

In Vietnam, some rumors say that Dzu is supported by the CIA; others, by the VC. Dzu told me his expenses were just reaching 30 million piastres ($350,000) by election day, and would go higher. His running mate, an importer in Cholon, is very wealthy; Dzu has committed his own modest fortune; and he raises money in the United States and elsewhere.

Part of Dzu's confidence that he can bring about a negotiated peace is due to his conviction that, for all Vietnamese parties to the conflict, the cost of war has become intolerable; but that, in all honor, North Vietnam and the NLF cannot yield to the United States. With fellow Vietnamese, he believes, they can talk honorably. What Dzu offers Hanoi is a medium-range program leading to natural reunification with, presumably, the traditional capital city of Hanoi as its center. But, more immediately, his confidence is based on the fact that twice he helped the leader of the NLF avoid prison; he has a brother-in-law in the government of North Vietnam; and many ministers of the North Vietnamese government are law school classmates. Besides, he has had secret discussions with the NLF since at least this past June; and a broadcast by the NLF radio on Sept. 1 detailed a peace plan within talking distance of the published program of Dzu's "People's United Front."

In late September Dzu was arrested and held incommunicado for five days on charges of saying that Vietnamese justice was not impartial. Despite such harassments, he is working for a nationwide coalition in legal opposition to the Thieu-Ky government, which he suspects will fall apart from its own internal dissensions. The only two major presidential candidates who have not entered his coalition, Tran Van Huong and Ha Thuc Ky, are reportedly considering positions in the Thieu-Ky government. Dzu believes his own party organization passed its first test well; he was not surprised at his second-place finish, only disappointed. His bodyguard (Dzu was tailed by secret service agents from at least Aug. 31 and was in hiding) commented to me on election night: "Second tonight is first very soon." MICHAEL NOVAK

(Michael Novak followed the campaign of Mr. Dzu at first hand during the month of August, as a case study in Vietnamese politics. Mr. Novak is Assistant Professor in Humanities at Stanford.)

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MYTHOLOGY OF THE A.B.M.

Once upon a time there was a deterrent . . .

EDGAR M. BOTTOME

The Johnson Administration recently announced that the United States would deploy a "thin" ABM (anti-ballistic missile) system. The Administration stated that its chief reasons for doing this were to counter the alleged Soviet development of an ABM system and to meet the threat of a Chinese Communist missile attack in the 1970's. The validity of the United States' perception of these two threats to its security demands serious examination.

For the first time since the destruction of the missile gap myth in 1961 the American people are being asked to decipher and comprehend the jargon and complexities of a major debate on national defense policy. According to many reports, the United States is faced with a new "gap" in defense policy and this time the alleged gap is found in the Soviet ABM effort. Inherent in this and all past debates is the accepted but far from certain assertion that the Soviet Union is attempting to assume an aggressive strategic posture. In this case, according to the proponents of the ABM threat, the United States must immediately embark upon the production of an operational ABM system or find American national security threatened by an effective Soviet system that could destroy the American ability to retaliate effectively, that is, the American ability to inflict unacceptable damages on the Soviet Union.

The American public, either purposely or mistakenly, has been misled in the past on Soviet weapons production and conceivably once again Soviet intentions and actions are being misinterpreted. Certainly, the reports out of Washington today are confusing and contradictory.

However, if Soviet aggressive intent is accepted, then the balance of terror between the two super powers since 1954 has been based on a fragile, but functioning theory of deterrence. The fragility of this theory is found in a number of propositions, mainly the psychological assumptions and the physical weapons components believed to be necessary for the prevention of thermonuclear attack. The most fundamental psychological assumption found in any theory of nuclear deterrence is the "act of faith" involved in the accepted belief that one's potential enemy is going to act and react in a rational manner. Paradoxically, this belief is founded upon a firm national commitment to mutual annihilation should an enemy stray from the expected path of rational behavior.

Thus, in the age of nuclear plenty effective deterrence assumes rationality on both sides and is enforced by threatening the ultimate in irrational action—national suicide. The probability cannot be ruled out that nations, on occasion, will act irrationally; but when applied to the *use* of strategic nuclear weapons, one major irrational act would probably be the last mistake a nation would be allowed to commit. Physically, a nation must possess a second strike weapons system which is adequate to create a high degree of uncertainty in an enemy's mind as to the ability of his nation to survive a retaliatory strike.

Since 1954, both of these elements have been present and the policy of nuclear deterrence appears to have been successful for both the United States and the Soviet Union. Even if it were assumed that both nations were preparing to launch a surprise attack and intended to do so when prepared, the uncertainty in the existing nuclear balance would have prevented attack by a rational enemy.

Therefore, the basic issue raised by the specter of an anti-ballistic missile gap favoring the Soviet Union is whether or not it would alter the existing situation that allegedly prevents a nuclear war today or in the foreseeable

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future. The answer to this question must be that it certainly does not change the acceptance of fundamental rationality on the part of both sides, and it changes in no way the uncertainty that surrounds the present or foreseeable strategic balance of terror.

Those who stress the crucial significance of the ABM gap can only support their position if they ignore two historical lessons. One is derived from a study of the earlier mythical bomber and missile gaps. Another is found in an analysis of past Soviet strategic doctrine, which requires a look at the weapons systems the Soviets produced.

We cannot confidently expect the proponents of the ABM gap to remind their audiences of the myths of the bomber gap from 1955 to 1957 or of the missile gap from 1957 to 1961. Since both of these alleged gaps in American defense policy turned out to be fictitious, the supporters of an American anti-missile system are not likely to remind the American people that many of the highest strategists in our defense community believed and propagated these errors. The fact remains that during the period of the alleged missile and bomber gaps, the Russians produced only four percent of the missiles and only 20 percent of the bombers that American intelligence had claimed they could produce. This mistaken assessment of both the bomber and the missile gaps and the American reaction to these alleged weaknesses resulted in the production of a huge American deterrent force that today outnumbers the Soviet forces by well over three to one in the ability to deliver nuclear warheads to the "enemy's" homeland.

Stated simply, the American estimate of both Soviet strategic aggressive intentions and weapons production was not borne out by Soviet actions. We know now that at no time since World War II did the Soviet Union maximize its production capability of either bombers of ICBMs. The Russians consistently have followed a strategic policy of minimum deterrence, involving only the possession of a nuclear delivery system adequate to *deter* a nuclear attack on the Soviet Union, while maintaining the conventional forces necessary to respond to less than all-out aggression on the Soviet periphery. Even according to Department of Defense figures on existing Soviet weapons systems, Soviet policy can in no way be construed as preparation for a first strike attack on the United States.

A corollary to the pursuit of a minimum deterrent policy was the strong emphasis placed by all Soviet leaders on an active air defense system within the Soviet Union. Throughout this period, the Soviet Union consistently allocated scarce resources for air defenses, whether in the field of interceptor fighter aircraft, anti-bomber surface-to-air missiles (SAMs), or the development today of an ABM system.

If one accepts the intention of attack, and then only if rationality rules on the other side, a strong offense is the only effective preventive measure because a defensive system that offers 100 percent security is impossible. Once again, a critical paradox becomes apparent in that this same strong offense can be perceived as preparation for a surprise attack and thus lead to the very act supposedly being discouraged—a surprise nuclear attack by a frightened, uncertain enemy.

Before the advent of the ICBM, both the United States and the Soviet Union placed major emphasis on air defense systems (both interceptor and missiles). But even the most optimistic claims for these systems admitted that at least 20 percent of an attacking bomber armada would get through the defensive system. If this highly optimistic figure is accepted, it would still mean that 20 to 100 bombers carrying at least 40 megatons each would deliver a lethal blow to either American or Russian society. Today, the United States has approximately 500 long-range bombers and 1,500 missiles capable of striking the Soviet Union. Soviet figures are smaller, but still significant and increasing—520 ICBMs and 150 long-range bombers. The American bomber force alone could inflict unacceptable damages on the Soviet Union. And, even if the Russians deployed a sophisticated anti-ballistic missile system, they would need somewhere between two and eight ABMs to be sure of a "kill" for one incoming American ICBM, or between 3,000 and 12,000 ABMs for the existing American missile force. In addition, it would be many years, if ever, before the Soviet ABM system achieved the optimistic 80 percent "kill" ratio attributed to bomber defenses after years of development. Based on the above analysis, it becomes clear that an increment of additional defense can be overwhelmed by a less expensive increase of offensive power, or put another way, in the age of absolute power there is no absolute security.

In the United States, apparently some contingency plans call for the deployment of an American ABM system to defend United States offensive nuclear forces rather than American cities. The reasons for this decision are extremely difficult to understand. The existing *Midas* satellite system and the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System (BMEWS) allegedly guarantee a 15-minute warning time to the Minuteman system of over 900 dispersed, hardened missiles. These missiles can be launched within 60 seconds after the decision has been made to fire them. It would appear that American ABMs would be fired in order to protect an empty launching pad that had disgorged its missile some 10 minutes earlier and was well on its way toward a Soviet (or Chinese) target. In addition, it would be impossible for the Soviet or Chinese attacking force to find and simultaneously destroy the roughly 40 Polaris equipped submarines stationed all over the world, and the 12 to 14 attack aircraft carriers with a nuclear capability.

If, on the other hand, the United States proceeds with the development of an ABM system designed to protect American cities, then the fascinating question arises as to which cities should be protected and how much effort will be allocated to those chosen for this type of "security." The specter of the American political system's struggling to

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determine which cities would receive an ABM system and which would be ignored is beyond the scope of this article, but the nature of this fiasco literally staggers the imagination. However, even the maximum ABM protection which can be guaranteed is an 80 percent kill ratio and we are a long way from this percentage. It would seem that a relatively high priority city like Boston eventually would be optimistically guaranteed that for every five bombers and missiles targeted, only one of each would get through —or a total of between 20 and 60 megatons representing a minimum explosion of 1,000 times the nuclear power delivered on Hiroshima. As a resident of Boston, I fail to view this as an encouraging prospect.

If the American ABM system has no efficacy in the strategic balance with the Soviet Union, then what about its possible value *vis à vis* a Chinese missile attack on the United States in the early 1970's? Careful consideration of this question leads to several conclusions. First, a limited Chinese delivery system such as can exist in the 1970's could in no way threaten the existence of the large, diversified American retaliatory forces. The over 2,000 United States delivery vehicles would still threaten China with complete national destruction, even after absorbing a first strike. This would be especially true if the United States followed its response with a sophisticated chemical and biological attack which seems likely under current attitudes toward all-out war.

Second, even if the United States deployed a "thin" ABM system to protect the Arctic approaches to the United States from China, the possibilities of attack on the United States by submarine, surface-launched, medium-range missiles would still be present, leaving the three other flanks of the continental United States vulnerable. Technologically, it would appear that the Chinese could develop unsophisticated, yet fairly accurate surface-launched missiles before they develop an operational ICBM system. Yet, in this case also, this type of attack would present no threat to the American deterrent forces.

Finally, and most importantly, to assume that the Chinese would launch an attack on the unbelievable power of American nuclear forces is to assume complete irrationality on the part of Chinese leadership. If this irrationality is taken for granted by American leaders, then no amount of ABM effort would prevent a Chinese attack. However, if we assume that the Chinese will use their power rationally, and avoid a direct confrontation with the United States (which they have done up to this time), then American offensive missile forces would deter any Chinese attack, with or without an ABM system.

The above notion of presumed rationality deserves additional emphasis. The assumed rationality of national leaders in a nuclear age means that they will not commit national suicide, and it is upon this basis that the theory of nuclear deterrence functions. If this assumption is incorrect, then no amount of offensive or defensive preparation will be of any deterrent value to a nation facing a maniac who disregards the national consequences of launching a nuclear attack that can only result in the annihilation of both nations involved.

Accordingly, it seems that the only reason for the deployment of even a limited ABM system by either side would be to destroy any "accidental" missiles that happened to be launched by mistake. American and Soviet officials assure us that this type of error could not be made. Politically, the leaders of the United States or the Soviet Union are reluctant to explain the fact that both nations have created thermonuclear weapons systems which are subject to human or mechanical error. The fact remains that a mistake of this nature during a period of extreme international tension is one of the major ways in which all-out war could be initiated. Therefore, a case can be made for the deployment of a system designed to destroy this type of missile before it reaches its target. And, unfortunately, this particular point seems destined to remain on the periphery of the ABM debate.

Two points do appear to be certain, no matter what the reasons for the deployment of a Soviet ABM system (and I am skeptical of its magnitude, present or future): Russian leadership has once again underestimated the American sensitivity to real or perceived threats to American security. In the past, this type of threat led to significant increases in American strategic superiority and an escalation of the arms race that the Soviet Union could ill afford. Thus, the American reaction to both the so-called bomber and missile gaps eventually led to a distinct Soviet inferiority in both weapons systems.

Excluding the opinions of individuals who would initiate the crime of preventive war against China, there is no way of preventing the Chinese from obtaining a major nuclear deterrent force. No doubt both the United States and the Soviet Union would like to prevent this from occurring. Nonetheless, the demands of Chinese pride and national security are very real and will be pursued by China as they have been pursued by all other major nations throughout history.

The impact of the limited Soviet ABM system (real or imagined) and the perceived Chinese strategic threat will have the same expansive impact on American military expenditures as past alleged gaps. And in this case, everyone loses. The American people will spend billions of dollars on a system that presently does not add one degree of security to the strategic position of the United States. Whether the Soviet Union has begun to deploy an ABM system or not, eventually the American effort will be perceived as a threat to the limited Soviet delivery system and the Russian leaders will be forced to build an expensive ABM system or more ICBMs, with the inevitable consequence of an escalation of this phase of the arms race. And, the world as a whole will witness the tremendous wastage of badly needed resources on an armaments race that has already consumed resources equaling several times the combined wealth of the underdeveloped nations.

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COUNTERREVOLUTION IN THE MOVIES

Words, ideas and the artist as thinker

WILLIAM F. LYNCH

In the general game of countermovements that go on in modern cinema, I would like to say a word about a counterrevolution against the underground revolution. True, it is something of a disadvantage nowadays to be caught above-ground. Nevertheless, I wish now, in the terrible daylight, to speak in behalf of words and ideas in modern cinema, to pronounce in praise and appraisal of speech and thought in the movies. To do so, surely, makes me no worse than those people who, not knowing what a picture is all about, praise the photography. And whatever the faults of my counterrevolution, they are nothing compared to those who would reduce James Joyce to visuality.

First, a few words about words. Let me begin by saying that I believe them to be very good things; they have their place, and they deserve better treatment from most people. And they should not be so ignored by so many artists, especially by those who work in films. A few of my own artist friends (who should know better) have been telling me over the years that there are people who think in terms of things-and-images and people who think in words. This was, unfortunately, one of the general impressions that had spread about widely. One of the results of this kind of dichotomy was that the life of words was surrendered to the wrong people and was often given up by the wrong people. They were the kind of people who were capable of separating words from images. They tended to divide the world into imagination and sensibility on the one side and a something called thought and thinking on the other, though both sides really knew that *they* were right and they were the thinkers. My own opinion is that it was words (and "ideas") that suffered most from the division and the battle. They lost a half of their life as a result of their separation from the imagination. I leave it to the historians to tell us how much philosophy and theology lost of their true souls in this sequel. My own interest will be in the specific direction of the cinema and the form in which the battle frequently emerges there between image and word. For I think the assumption of many people is that this new visual-aural medium is most authentic (if I may use that blessed word once and nevermore) when it is most visual and least so where it is also composed of words, words, words (or of the equally unfortunate entities called ideas).

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Out of Touch with Existence

Let me hypothesize in a few directions. One of the reasons for the struggle between words and images may be that we have decided that our modern intellectual situation has been fundamentally schizophrenic, that a good deal of the life of the intelligence has been out of touch with existence, and that images are a better way than words to re-contact existence. I think that is why we want pure Happenings. My first hypothesis is that we want them because we do not have them. That is why some people agree to look at hour-long simple images in the new-new *vague*. Because maybe the thing is not really there. That is why it was such a fortunate moment for Susan Sontag to come along with her book *Against Interpretation*. And she picked the right moment to proclaim that "whatever it may have been in the past, the idea of content is today mainly a hindrance, a nuisance, a subtle or not so subtle philistinism." It was a propitious moment, a moment that was hungry for the slightest taste of

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reality and that was impatient of anything that tasted of remoteness from experience, of anything that smacked of interpretation, of anything that, in my language, tasted of words, words, words. Let us make no mistake about it: *Against Interpretation* was published at a full tide of a movement against interpretation, against content, against words, against ideas. Many were so starved that they could not abide any interpretation. Therefore, she could proclaim: "The world, our world, is depleted, impoverished enough. Away with all duplicates of it, until we again experience more immediately what we have." Miss Sontag is not against words, as many people are, but she seems to me, with her plea for immediacy of experience, to put her finger on one of the root reasons why words have fallen into disrepute in certain areas of our culture. These areas are committed to the need and primacy of immediate experience and I am myself hypothesizing that the main reason for this commitment is the out-of-touchness of many with existence. And when we are out of touch, we will resort to violence to restore contact.

Let me be as clear as possible in this matter, even syllogistically clear. If we were to look at the old syllogism (if there is a finite, there is an infinite; but there is a finite; therefore, there is an infinite), then the real trouble may very well be not with the major or the conclusion, but with the minor: is there really a finite, are things really there; or have words, art forms, our structures and our psychologistic life destroyed them? People try to convince themselves that their problem is God; but the problem is actually one step nearer than that. Miss Sontag herself is not far from saying this, in such sentences as: "The new formalism of the French novels and films is . . . a dedicated agnosticism about reality itself." But she makes a mistake when she gives Antonioni's "L'Avventura" as an example of a good film with "a directness that entirely frees us from the itch to interpret." For surely "L'Avventura" is all about a lack of directness in experience, whether with people or things, and is itself an enormous interpretation. Again the fact is that there is so much talk about experience because there is so little of it. Such separation from experience is inevitably accompanied by an absence of the feelings and relations that normally attach themselves to finite existence, and the results, obviously, can be very painful.

It is by now a cliché to note the absence of real verbal relationships in Antonioni's films, but what is not so usually pointed out is his metaphorical transfer of this death of words to external objects. Neither do they talk to each other, in the sense that often there is neither sequence nor relationship in the objects that catch the eye of the camera. And objects are not talking to each other because this is the way the camera is talking to itself, in patches and pieces, in thoughts that occur but do not come together in paragraphs, whether the paragraphs be visual or vocal. Monica Vitti is distracted even from the intensity of a sexual incident. This is also true of what we can call the incident and episode quality of so much of Antonioni's work; this is not formalistic exploration at all, but a formal declaration of content, to the effect that incident does not speak to incident, that nothing is related to nothing. But let me correct the end clause of my own last sentence. Antonioni is not making a philosophical remark that no object or incident connects with any other, or speech with speech. He is analyzing the passivity of the camera, and the camera is the mind and eye of his people. The camera is listless; it is dead; it is condemning itself.

If such a degree of alienation really exists (I think that our love of it is on the way out), things would be bad enough. But my real concern is to say that it would be even worse to decide and declare that words themselves are among our chief villains as alienators from existence and that we must not hope for anything much from words as we thrash about for a new contact with existence through images and objects. However, we shall see that there is not only a movement away from words, for the reasons suggested, but there is also, happily, a countermovement toward words and "ideas" as means of contacting existence.

Breaking Out of the Private Trap

It is almost unnecessary to indicate how much of modern cinema is a description of our failure or inability to make this contact. One special quality of some of these descriptions is the effective way in which they picture what we might call *the private* (in the sense of the self-enclosed) as desperate attempts at passage into reality. There *has been* a separation from public reality. It is not only that in Bergman and Antonioni we have desperate attempts of people to make this passage and contact, but the attempts are clearly set off from any communication with the rest of the world. So much is this true in "Silence" that its sexuality is largely incestuous; there are only a few flashes of the existence of an outside world; and the language of that world is foreign and unintelligible. What is particularly beautiful about its ending is that the woman and boy in the train finally have set to the business of learning the language of the world with which they are surrounded. (This is the new demand being made on the novelist, that he learn the language of the world.) As any non-linguistic tourist knows, there is nothing as self-enclosing, and as defeating of experience, as an ignorance of the language of a country. It seems to me, therefore, that in "Silence" language is representative of the passage from private to public reality.

And it may very well be that, after a long period of self-enclosure, we are now entering the first phases of a bitter and powerful attack on the private and the intense private experience as paths to anything much. The satire is growing. Fellini's "Juliet of the Spirits" is a satirical analysis of the history of private fantasy in our long at-

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tempt to form an adequate public image of woman. "The Knack" does just as good a job as satire on adolescent and private fantasy in sexuality. Resnais' very recent "La Guerre est Finie" is a critical analysis of the private language dream in the kind of revolutionary who should, above all others, be inserted into the public reality but who, instead, is playing like a child at a game of unreal counters where the past has never changed into the present and the past is the only reality. These, I am sure, are only a few examples of a counterrevolution that has set in in the name of what we can call public reality and public speech.

I am hopeful that we are moving toward the restoration of what I like to call the public imagination. And with this movement a number of parallel things are occurring. The *love* and affection for alienation, the fascination for the thing, is beginning to ebb. It is possible that the intellectuals may be and have been much more the alienated ones in a waste land than Mr. Sweeney and Tom, Dick and Harry, who seem not as unhappy as T. S. Eliot thought. And there is a new demand in the air that the imagination give up its self-enclosed life, that it should be filled with two things as first acts of its work: concern and knowledge.

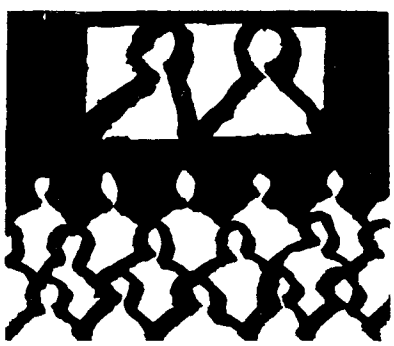
In this paper, therefore, I suggest that there are two movements going on, counter to each other and to some extent causing each other by counteraction. I could summarize each quickly in the following way:

1)—Movement #1 is toward immediate, private, and wordless experience. Its appearance is inevitable in a culture where public experience tends to run short. It is inevitable that it should deliberately fragment experiences, that it should be against interpretation, and that it should have, if not a bias, at least a disinclination away from words and ideas. There is an increasing suspicion abroad that it has been enjoying its alienation.

2)—The second and opposite movement, and the one in which I am cinematically interested at the moment, can in summary be called a movement of images in the co-direction of words and ideas. It is not only a counter-movement to "against interpretation"; it not only interprets; it moves, in fact, right up into the explicit and stylized forms of the old morality and mystery plays. And this includes the works of some of the best directors of our day. It is daring enough to play around with all kinds of generalizations. And it is not afraid to use words and speech in the most direct, simple and general way.

I think that the new materials may for two reasons turn out to be very important. One reason I have already given: words and ideas have been given a hard time; they had been pushed into a polarized state, devoid of contact with images and things. They needed to be allowed to re-enter the world and to re-establish their relation to things and their own power as a human art. The second reason for the importance of this phenomenon is that apparently it is so extremely natural. People like words and they like ideas. And they like fine words and big ideas. Of course they are often fooled, or drawn by the phony in words and ideas, but no more often than are the intellectuals by the world of pure things and the purely visual.

First I go back to words and film. One of my own central feelings is expressed by Pauline Kael when she says: "If we're going to have talking pictures, let us acknowledge the glory of talk, and be grateful for rhetoric which



has the splendor of wrath and of wit." It is possible that we have become afraid of great speech and have decided we are unworthy to use it.

My second central feeling is that there should be no single law about their usage in film, except the very flexible one that the thing come off well.

We should not start with the supposition, as many do, that contemporary film is fundamentally a visual art, to which words may be added. We should not even decide that if in a film something can be expressed visually then it should not be expressed by sound or speech. Alfred Hitchcock tells us that image is the heart of the matter and sound is only a supplement.

Another apparently attractive law that should be ruled out is that of economy in the use of words. It is better to follow the more flexible direction of Carl Dreyer himself when he was discussing the making of the great "Passion of Joan of Arc": "It hardly matters what appears on the screen, provided it is interesting. Whether the text predominates, or the image—it is all the same. . . . It is very dangerous to limit oneself to a certain form, a certain style."

But then even Dreyer, in the next breath, insists that the trial techniques of "The Passion of Joan of Arc" demanded a synchronization of, an equation between, speech and close-up. It is hard to see why a dozen other alternatives could not have been chosen from, but this was a case where rigidity of decision was most fortunate and led to a masterpiece of sculptured faces that film history would be the poorer without. And it is clear that it was a splendid reality, the face of Miss Falconetti, that had more to do with the particular alternative chosen than all the court procedures in the world. It is not every face we would wish to watch as it formed words according to the natural and realistic norm that speech should synchronize with the movement of the lips.

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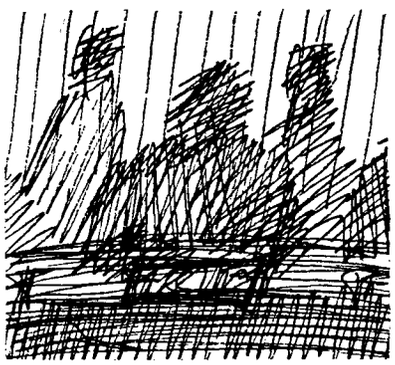
It is in fact interesting to note that as far back as 1930, Eisenstein, Pudovkin and Alexandrov were saying the contrary and were pleading for a non-realistic asynchronism between images and words: " . . . only the method of using sound in counterpoint with the visuals offers new possibilities for developing and perfecting the art of montage. Experiment with sound should be concentrated on using asynchronism between sound and visuals. This approach will lead in time to the creation of a new orchestral counterpoint of visual and sound images."

But surely asynchronism and counterpoint should be determined by idea, by what you want to say. The medium of asynchronism should be determined by the message. Resnais is one of a number of directors who is interested in the nature of reality and the reality and irreality of the past. Put very simplistically, this is what is on his mind and it is, therefore, altogether natural that he use certain non-natural forms of asynchronism in the word-image process. Thus, in the recent "La Guerre est Finie," he has Yves Montand as a revolutionary on the run moving through a veritable sea of verbal directives and comments that exist in the air as atmosphere of intrigue. Go here. Go there. See him. See her. This will lead in a



chain to that, and that to this. The words come from no lips but form an atmosphere and a life. They describe a kind of child's game which is being played, but here are grown-up men taking it very seriously, no longer able to distinguish between reality and dream. And where is reality in the picture? That is the question. For a time it is in Montand, with his ever so strong and intelligent look and walk as he listens to the voices. For a time he is the foil who judges the asynchronistic and counterpointed voices. He judges the young and their voices, with their foolish revolutionary dreams. And he judges the formalist speeches of his superiors, who are giving rote reactions, rooted in the past, to the impossibilities of the present. There is a formalism and a roteness in *their* speeches which judges their every word as a mechanical voice from the past, out of touch with that reality which is rooted in his strong omnipotent, all-seeing eyes. But Montand, too, will yield to the dream and the game. He will judge it and play with it. He is, we suddenly realize, both Sancho Panza and Don Quixote. But he remains beyond final judgment in the picture—because he remains judge, strong man, actualist, dreamer, cowboy, good guy, bad guy, dream, reality, everything. And the secret of his specious strength is his silence. Everybody else speaks and is judged by his words. But the camera will not give the hero away. It will not let him talk.

The counterpoint, then, is between the voices of the past and the central judging eyes of the present revolutionary. The past is judged to be both dead and beautiful. Nevertheless, the past, by words, is solidly inserted into the present, corrupting it, destroying it, filling it with lies, and making it impossible that anyone see what is in front of him. And the visual, silent hero succumbs to the voices.

The result of this interplay of words and images in "La Guerre est Finie" must, I think, be called successful, as the earlier explorations into counterpuntal speech and images by Resnais in "Hiroshima Mon Amour" and "Last Year at Marienbad" must be called essentially artificial. In these other two cases Resnais, perhaps dreaming of the long ago victories of French Symbolism, came through with hundreds of unreal words spoken by unreal men and women before a camera that dare not judge the general phoniness. The thing comes off better in "La Guerre est Finie" because the words come out of not Mallarmé but out of ordinary people about to throw a bomb that probably will not work.

There can be as many counterpointings of speech and imagery, as much asynchronism between the two as there are things and messages to be said in these ways about reality. In a recent English spy thriller "The Deadly Affair" the words of Marlow describing the murder of Edward II are being heard on a stage while a modern spy murder is taking place in the body of the auditorium, so that it is the voice of the past which is describing the action of the present. And the message is that the real play is in the auditorium. But it is easy to forget that this new cinematic use of a play within a play was probably borrowed from Shakespeare, and that we shall not have arrived at a use of it in contemporary terms (which likes to play with the checkerboard of the question, where is reality?) until we are given an example of a play within a play within a play within a play. And I promise you that I will give it.

What we must obviously be interested in is the creative relationship between sounds and images. A single sound in "La Strada," the sound of the haunting tune brought back from the past at the end of the picture, is enough to restore every image of the past in the picture and to drive mad the mind of man. In "Rififi" and "Topkapi" the fear of a possible sound breaking in on silence-at-all-costs can be overwhelming, and the images of the consequence of sound are always there as background and atmosphere. The words that are about to come out of a victrola record and devastate a human being at the end of Graham Greene's "Brighton Rock" fill one with a horror that much resembles the final word of truth from

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the shepherd that is about to strike the ears of Oedipus. What is created in both cases by the very possibility of speech is the image of a dreadful chasm the consciousness is about to cross, and a brink.

"Alas I am on the dreadful brink of speech."

"And I of hearing."

The whole play demands this word. And this word is the central image of the play. And so with the picture.

In "A Man for All Seasons" all the language must be examined with a microscope to make sure it is maintaining silence and not using speech about the one thing that matters. The audience is drawn into the general legal concern for the words; it is concerned that they be silent words at all costs, because they know that one slip from the mouth and the whole head will slip off the neck of Thomas More. The words that conjure the headless image finally do come out, but they come from the mouth of a venal perjurer, not from Thomas More. And as the perjurer, who has as his reward the revenue office of Wales, passes out of court, More says to him: "Richard, you should not so give up your soul for the whole world. But for Wales! . . ." For Wales! Oh the pity of it, says More, and the words conjure up the faces of all the sad, smiling Welshmen as they receive this last message from Thomas. And I do not doubt that there is a double take here, comically, to the present men of Wales, for Paul Scofield himself is from there.

Reverse of Maxims

Part of what I am saying is the reverse of the usual maxims that if a thing can be said visually in film then let it not be said in words. I am saying that, as in life itself, there should also be a film maxim: where one word can create so many images, why ask the camera to do it? But, again, there are no laws. The commonplace Don Juan in "Alfie" talks a lot, and he talks to his audience, because he is very conscious of his own silliness and of our appraisal, and must be constantly explaining himself. *His* talk is an attempt *to justify an image* that cannot stand on its own two feet.

That there is much talk and many words in these pictures, as well as in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf," only becomes a critical remark when there is some missing of the point. The quantity and the vigor of the words in Virginia Woolf are, on the first surface, ordinary human words that say something. On the second level they turn out to be words describing games being played at, unrealities, fictions. On the third and final take they have inflexibly human rules behind them and are the only forms of salvation and contact, cruel though they be, between George and Martha. In this particular case it *happens* to be words that contribute new dimensions to our separations and that make this picture, it seems to me, a more human and profound analysis of silence and speech than the more posed and more purely visual work of Antonioni. Silence, therefore, is no sign of depth or superiority. Nor is speech, for that matter, if we remember the pretentious speech of "Last Year in Marienbad." There are no laws.

I was about to make the general suggestion that the contemporary cinema needs to be more daring in the use of words—I mean words, not daring words, for that is not the problem—when I was able to see "Ulysses" and to see that here it has been done. I had had the thought that there should be no a priori limitation of any kind in the screen use of words: Why could we not in some cases have nothing but words and beautiful print and read together, by the hundreds and thousands? Why should reading always be a private act? Why could not the printed word sometimes be the center and once again breathe forth miniature images? Of course "Ulysses" does none of these extreme things, but it is one of our greatest cinematic ventures yet in the great use of words. (Its trouble will come later when it reappears in the hands of the large theater chains and the advertisers.) In it the images move through a haunting text of words which they fight hard to measure up to, and the words are the life of the human mind meditating on the inner and outer reality of Man and Woman. This is the omnipresent image, never seen, created by the words: the thinking, brooding mind and fantasy of man. And speech at its fullest, allowed to float in the air. Let me turn my own text here from words to the life of ideas and the life of the mind.

What I am interested in right now is the use of highly general and interpretative words in cinema, and their relation to images. To explain this interest I repeat my early remarks on the unhappy dichotomy we had tended to create between a thing and image world on the one hand and pure words and "ideas" on the other. Now the question can be asked: is it possible there will be fruitful consequences from a re-binding of these two worlds in contemporary cinema? Reflective thinking, especially in theology and religion, had suffered so much through these separations from the imagination and the images of the artist.

It will probably surprise most people how much and how often the contemporary film falls into a broad reflective style in dealing with what we have the habit of calling "ideas," and in doing what we have habitually called "thinking." So that I am not pleading for a development in this direction, but rather pointing to its existence as one of the strong habits of our film artists. I take no thought of the large stream of pictures drawn from biblical and formally spiritual traditions when I repeat, for the sake of sharpening my point, that a good many films are veering toward the general forms, feelings and style of medieval morality plays. The cinema has become explorer not only of words, but of ideas as well, in forms that are often deliberately simple and naive. And both artists and audiences seem to be enjoying the new adventures to an uncalculated degree.

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A number of pictures come close to being visual-oral essays on metaphysics, with additions in technique that could well have been drawn from Russian Roulette and the old army game. What is reality, and where is it? Now you see, now you don't. It may hit you when you are not expecting it. We don't have it, and are far away from it. Bergman's "The Magician" is an orchestration of the many forms of our understanding of what reality is, and where. In it there is camera reality, actor's reality, magician's reality, reality as seen by a wife doing a job on her police inspector husband, adolescent reality, reality under hypnosis that conforms to another mind, the reality of the scientist who is frightened by the reality of the magician. The latter turns out to be the doing of a job and another good show, to the doing of which he is summoned by the king, and so the picture ends, with a proud human flourish around so big a theme.

Antonioni's "Blowup" is full of created events and happenings; the one real event, the only reality of the picture, a murder, becomes ultimately lost to consciousness as the welter and intensity of pseudo-events and posed emotions overwhelm the mind. At the end all the actors are watching a tennis match with absolute commitment, and the ball goes back and forth, and the dedicated heads with it. They are watching a ball that is not there. And the one thing that is truly there is not there.

What reality do other people have, in the midst of all our preoccupying thoughts? Are they really there? Can we break through to them? Are objects as separated from each other as people from people? Are fidelity and love possible human virtues? These are other huge and generalizing questions of Antonioni in "L'Avventura," "The Night," "Eclipse." I wonder how these people and these words would sound if they spoke aloud the great generalities of these images. I am not a cynic in these matters. I think it would come off very well.

The spy story is not content to be a spy story any more but is beginning, in its own style, to enunciate on the large human plane. It is no longer a matter of the good guys versus the bad guys, or us natives against them foreigners; there begin to be no good guys any more. Now all is betrayal, and no one can be trusted, and the human heart is a treacherous thing, always ready to betray not only others but itself most of all. This is the fundamental atmosphere of "The Spy Who Came in from the Cold" and "The Deadly Affair." In them we are talking about the awful beast called Human Nature.

Or how could Everyman be more at the center of the cinematic stage than he is in such pictures as "Woman in the Dunes" or "Rashomon." The former is a parable about the basic structures of human existence as struggle with the universe, the forging of a clearing in the endless dark and the endless sand, the discovery of the flesh, the birth of a child, the warfare between good and evil, the faint glimmer of a farther shore. "Rashomon" becomes a brooding lament over the conflict of lie with lie as every human heart paints reality with its own wishes and purposes. Another Japanese picture, "Ikiru," seems very clearly to be a re-doing of "Everyman," with its announcement of death, the abandonment by friends, and the triumphant resort to Good Deeds.

Revolt against the Waste Land

All these pictures can be called Morality plays with almost as much accuracy as such old English plays as the "Pater Noster" play of York, "The Pride of Life," "The Castle of Perseverance," "The Nature of the Four Elements," and the great document of "Everyman" itself. We are in the midst of a charming and not quite explainable movement toward the human, the general, the didactic.

But, alas, the issue is often sadly reversed from that of the medieval situation. On the Morality stage the play usually took the form of a contest for the soul of a representative of the whole human race, and the chief actor made it; he was saved! Now the characters don't seem to be making it, and we are more often dealing with the dread eventuality of the loss of the soul, to the extent that "the loss of the self" has become a cliché. Sometimes the loss of the soul and its abandonment to someone else is done handsomely and powerfully, as in "The Servant." Sometimes the damnation, abandonment and takeover has neither style, quality, sense nor competence, and is no credit to heaven or hell, as in "Persona," a picture which temporarily dims the Bergman luster. But there is the beginning of a revolt in the air against the general Waste Land and be damned concept of our reality, and a revolt against those people at cocktail parties who go around asking the question: Do you really know who you are? Are you really saved? Fear not, there will always be a priesthood, and this is the latest, with sophisticated damnation in its not so steady hand. I wish there were more on the saved side in their theology. But most of us, in the new reckoning, are damned, irrevocably.

Next: if you want commentaries on the universal decadence and boredom of life, there they are—to the point of growing boredom but still a testament to the strange attraction of generality—in "La Dolce Vita," "This Sporting Life," "The Easy Life" and "Darling." The medieval Vices are rearing their ugly heads again.

I have the impression that, where it is at all well done, film audiences are easily and deeply fascinated by the raising of general questions about life. And we are so deeply immersed in our theories of the concrete nature of vision in art and literature that we forget this other fascination for parable, legend, generality, and find it hard to explain. T. S. Eliot was caught by the ideal beauty of "Everyman." A modern audience is quite caught by the poignant images and questions about death in "The Seventh Seal." I am not pretending to give an explanation. I am only stating what seems an audience fact.

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Part of the continuing fascination of "La Strada" lies not only in the emergence of the childlike soul and face of the girl but also in the childlike emergence of the simple theme (we say that art should not have a theme, but we often bow to its charm). The theme here is that even a little stone has its vocation in the universe; it is a wonderful thing, and a relief, that this girl has one too; and a tragedy when she loses it.

Then there are the growing number of studies in different forms of fantasy versus reality, each approaching the form of a general essay on the subject. I have noted that "Juliet of the Spirits" is largely a review of the history of human fantasy about woman; "The Knack" is an essay on adolescent fantasy within the order of sexuality. And way back, twenty years ago, one remembers that magnificent commentary on death and the love of money, stolen out of "The Pardoner's Tale" by John Huston, in "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre." How beautiful a combination of legend and morality play it was.

Possibly I am going too far afield, but not too much, when I think, in the same breath of fantasy, about such clear-lined, clear-limned pictures as "The Bridge on the River Kwai" and "Lawrence of Arabia." Is part of the great popular success of both due to a deep and powerful fundamental clarity of line and of the theme that any form of absoluteness in the rigid and driving human will is a threat to man, and is bound to blow up the picture and the man at the end? Actually the leads in both pictures, under the weight of their own single-minded ideas, do blow up or fall apart.

Danger! Men Thinking

Thus, cinematic words and ideas are very much in our midst. Clearly there is more than one movement in contemporary films. Clearly there are many who are not altogether accepting the dicta of the opposite school to the effect that words and ideas are the great enemy. They had been told by one contemporary writer that they should "deny the very existence of mind." Another had told them that art must display "nothing from life, no knowledge of its affairs, no familiarity with its emotions." How often had they been told that they must not "know" anything. And D. H. Lawrence had attacked the act of cognition itself as our most fundamental act of disobedience against God and an attack on the divine in man. But despite all this and a thousand more things like it, there is this countermovement of words and ideas. And it is highly probable that we have passed over a divide in these many areas. I would ask the scholars of the contemporary theater if something revolutionary in the direction of that vulgar thing called thinking is not occurring on the stage as well. And I have mentioned the new demand on the novelist that he *know* a good deal as the first act of his imagination.

Then, and finally, there is "The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade." Here it is the horror picture or play that right before our unseeing eyes has turned speechifier, theorist, metaphysical, morality; and reality within fantasy within reality within fantasy; and play within play within play within play. Once, when visiting a library, I saw a sign placed on the table by a juvenile delinquent which read: DANGER, MEN WORKING. Now when I come out of these detective and spy and horror pictures I share his feelings and I have the wish to put up a neon sign saying: DANGER, MEN THINKING.

In "Marat-Sade" the audience has come to see a play (and now a film). But they will not watch people doing and saying things. The people on the stage are themselves putting on a play. And because the actors are madmen they cannot help but break away again and again from their director and give their own version of the play, and their own reactions, thus establishing a play within a play within a play. In order to calm both the actors and the audience they are both advised that the actions being presented happened long ago and are an unreality. But the real thing that is thus said, behind sarcasm and irony, is that the realities of present-day history are far worse. By a fourth maneuver, therefore, it is now established that all previous plays are aiming at the real play in the audience. The real assassinations, the real revolution, the real madness, the real demagogues, are in the audience. And what is that occurring on the stage? It is real feeling erupting again and again, and not mere play acting. That is a real knife that is in the hands of the actress—it is better for her fellow actor not to trust that knife—and at the end the revolution that is being acted out upon the stage becomes a real revolution, a real and terrifying bedlam. The audience has become reality. Now the play becomes it.

The final play, however, is surely going on in the playwright's mind. I cannot quite tell what that play is. It is the play which says all these things and produces all the other plays. It is the central play which is doing all the manipulating and all the thinking. And I repeat my plea that we denominate it as such, that is to say, as thinking, and hold it to the responsibilities and the consequences of that noble vocation of human thought and judgment. Which leads me to the picture and the play I had almost forgotten, the real stage where all other plays and plots take place, the stage of our own minds. For it is we who cannot be absolved from making the final judgments and writing the final script. Like the inmates of Charenton we are always putting on our own plays. We too shall yield to the control of no one else, especially if we have been warned by the sign DANGER, MEN THINKING. We can at least be as sensible as the inmates of the insane asylum who keep reacting and judging. We must not yield to the theory of the absolute art object. We must, with sense, interpret at any cost.

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All kinds of final questions crowd in upon the mind as I bring these reflections toward an end.

What is the possible range of such work in ideas in the cinema? What are the virtues and limitations of competent analyses and didacticism in movie images? We cannot say that such matters are forbidden to art and the artists because art and the artists are already practicing these things on us. And they cannot play it both ways by hiding behind the name of art and saying that art is not vulnerable to our questions. Certainly this is one of the weaknesses I should like to point out as momentarily present in this new kind of work, that it is often too brilliant, that in much of it there is too much gimmickry of the intellectual life, that there are too many mirror tricks reflecting fantasy into reality and reality into fantasy and plays into plays into plays. The difficulty about many of these discussions of reality is their own aura of unreality. They tend, many of them, to fall into the new net of pure inwardness and non-relation to reality or commitment that Philip Rieff has summarized in his new book, *The Triumph of the Therapeutic.* It is as though it is being said to us, as it is said to the mad inmates of Charenton, that we must not really get excited about these questions of freedom, anger, injustice, revolution, that it is only an art object and must not be taken seriously.

It is because I think that much serious work can be done in this direction that I think we ought to call the artist thinker and label these pictures as serious and that we ought to hang out that sign: DANGER, MEN THINKING. And I think that every resource of the cinema, images, words, ideas, deserves development and that every manner of talent, the painter, the poet, the philosopher, should be invited in.

I mean this as a solemn warning that the medium is thinking. We ought to know what we are paying more and more money for. There ought to be a label.

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RICHARD JACKSON

BREAKING THE WINTER

Time snowed and the winter quicked
before I had the chance
to pick the apple from the bough
and the great oaks
were turned to birches in the blizzards
before I caught the branches in their turn.

The rock stone wall formed the cold
beneath the mound like the ice locked vault
of the tightly frozen quarry.
Time and the winter smiled to make me late
but my heart hugging the warm
broke the ice to let me in.

TOSCANINI RE-EDITED

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RECORDS

The various commemorations of the hundredth anniversary of Toscanini's birth last spring must have caused those who never heard him to wonder if he really was superior to Bruno Walter and Furtwängler in his own day, and to someone like von Karajan today. The way to answer that question is to listen to his performances on records and compare them with the performances of the others. This happens to be a particularly good time to begin to listen to them; for RCA Victor has commemorated the anniversary by re-editing Toscanini's NBC Symphony recordings for reissue on low-priced Victrola records. The re-editing has removed the echo-chamber resonance and other electronic damage which earlier editors inflected on the sound; and though the present editor hasn't been able to keep himself from putting in bass cuts and treble boosts, these can be eliminated by turning up the bass and turning down the treble.

One might listen first to the performance, on VIC-1249, of a work one has heard as many times as Dvořák's *New World* Symphony; for beginning with the image of the work established in one's mind by those many performances, one will be aware of the differences in the musical object produced by Toscanini's performance. It is a performance without the traditional changes of tempo for greater emphasis that change the shape indicated by Dvořák's directions in the score; a performance which, therefore, proceeding in accordance with those directions, and producing that indicated shape with marvelous clarity of texture and outline, has the effect of revelation: one has the impression that one is perceiving the structure and the expressive significance of the work for the first time.

After this, one should listen to the performances of Debussy's *La Mer* and *Ibéria* on VIC-1246. They are the ones which defined these works for Toscanini's generation, and by which others were, and still are, measured; and the realization of the complex textures of *La Mer,* the integration of its fragmentary details into a coherent progression, is one of this century's historic achievements in orchestral performance and musical re-creation. In addition, Toscanini's powerful shaping of Verdi and Wagner, his sharply contoured phrasing of melody and excitingly built-up crescendos in Rossini, can be heard in Verdi's Overtures to *La Forza del Destino* and *I Vespri Siciliani* and Preludes to Acts I and III of *La Traviata* and Rossini's Overtures to *L'Italiana in Algeri, La Cenerentola* and *The Siege of Corinth* on VIC-1248, and Wagner's Preludes to Acts I and III of *Die Meistersinger* and Acts I and III of *Lohengrin, A Faust Overture* and *Siegfried Idyll* on VIC-1247.

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The one performance of Debussy's *La Mer* on the level of achievement of Toscanini's, in my experience, was young Guido Cantelli's; and in fact when he was killed in a plane crash 11 years ago the loss was what it would have been if Toscanini had been killed in a train wreck in 1903. The few recordings Cantelli made are being reissued on low-priced Seraphim records; and though *La Mer* will not be available until a year from now, the beautiful performances of Mendelssohn's *Italian* Symphony and Schubert's *Unfinished* are on Seraphim 60002, and the superb performance of Beethoven's Seventh on 60038 (mono, which I prefer to stereo). Treble boosts need to be cancelled with these too.

A comparable loss resulted from the death of the young pianist Dinu Lipatti, who also left very few performances on records. These included the ones of Chopin's Waltzes, which have—in addition to enchanting grace and elegance—subtle inflections of rhythm and phrase that are not heard in any of the other good recorded performances, and which recently were transferred, with remarkably improved sound, to low-priced Odyssey 32-16-0057. And similarly beautiful playing is heard in the performance of Chopin's Concerto No. 1 issued on Seraphim 60007 last year.

One of the giants among pianists today, Glenn Gould, offers his electrifying dynamic phrasing and passagework in performances of Bach's Concertos in D major, G minor and F minor with an orchestra under Golschmann on Columbia ML-6401 (mono). The first two works are effective keyboard versions of the well-known and engaging Violin Concertos in E major and A minor; the third is the dull work Gould recorded before on ML-5278.

As for chamber music, low-priced Crossroads 22-16-0099 has Haydn's Quartets Op. 20 No. 4 and Op. 76 No. 4, performed effectively by the Prague City Quartet. Haydn's instrumental writing is a constant playing with the medium and with the listener's mind, which his exuberance in the exercise of his powers often carries to sheer incandescence, as in Op. 20 No. 4 and the first movement of Op. 76 No. 4. Another incandescent example is Op. 20 No. 5 on Westminster XWN-19111 (mono), with the engaging Op. 3 No. 5 and Op. 42, performed well by the Allegri Quartet.

In his last years Haydn wrote several masses, among them the outstanding *Lord Nelson* Mass. Two recent performances are the one on Deutsche Grammophon 39-195, in which János Ferencsik conducts the Budapest Chorus, the State Hungarian Orchestra and a solo quartet comprising Maria Stader, Claudia Hellman, Ernst Häfliger and Victor von Halem; and the one on Argo RG-325, in which David Willcocks conducts the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, the London Symphony, Sylvia Stahlman, Helen Watts, Wilfred Brown and Tom Krause. Though Stader's voice hasn't its earlier loveliness, I prefer it to Stahlman's; the women's voices of the Budapest Chorus are more attractive to my ear than the boys' voices of the Choir of King's College; I prefer the suave playing of the Hungarian Orchestra to the roughly energetic playing of the London Symphony; and the Hungarian performance has the more beautiful recorded sound.

The commemoration of the 400th anniversary of Monteverdi's birth has included a new recording of his superb *Vespers of 1610* on Telefunken SAWT-9501/2-A (stereo). The performance in which Jürgen Jürgens conducts his excellent Monteverdi Chorus of Hamburg hasn't soloists with the beautiful voices of Margaret Ritchie, Elsie Morison and Richard Lewis in the earlier performance on Oiseau-Lyre 50021/2; but it is marvelously enlivened by Nikolaus Harnoncourt's realization of Monteverdi's instrumental accompaniment in terms of the mostly old instruments on which it is performed by Harnoncourt's Concentus Musicus of Vienna. B. H. HAGGIN

(B. H. Haggin, who here begins a monthly Records column for Commonweal, *writes about music and ballet for* The Hudson Review. *He recently published two books,* The Toscanini Musicians Knew *and* The New Listener's Companion and Record Guide [*Horizon Press*].*)*

SO LONG AT THE FESTIVAL

THE SCREEN

Movie critics on the New York scene breathed a sigh of relief on Sept. 30. The Fifth New York Film Festival ended its ten-day run, and the exhausted reviewers could give their strained eyes a rest and get back to normal routine. The relief sigh was not because the Festival was bad; actually it was good, although I liked it the least of the five N.Y. Fetes, mainly because it had so few of the big name directors and had so many of the plotless movies that are now in vogue with the in-group. In spite of my reservations and fatigue, I enjoyed the Festival and am grateful to the Lincoln Center where it was held, to Festival Director Amos Vogel and Program Director Richard Roud, and to John Springer Associates who handled the publicity, the previews (sometimes we saw three a day) and the carping critics who are always crabbing about something. I saw all but three of the Festival's 23 programs; some days a reviewer just has to go to other previews and do some writing as well as film-seeing. And while I may argue with some of the selections offered by the program committee (which included along with Roud and Vogel, Arthur Knight, Andrew Sarris and Susan Sontag) who saw some 400 films, I must remember that they were limited by what was available, that Hollywood refused to submit any good movies, and that the 23 programs no doubt give a reasonable cross-section of cinema

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trends today. On the whole the Fifth New York Film Festival was "a real nice clambake and I'm awful glad I came."

The Festival started with a bang and ended with a whimper. The opening bang was "The Battle of Algiers," perhaps an odd film to start off any festival since it is an old-fashioned re-enactment of a war, the 1954-to-1957 war between the Algerian National Liberation Front, who wanted their freedom, and the French who refused to give it to them. But the film is so well made by Italian director Gillo Pontecorvo, who used an Algerian, Italian and French cast (mostly non-professionals) and the entire city of Algiers, that the effect is that of a perfect documentary, the real thing. It is hard to believe that director Pontecorvo used no newsreels or actual shots from the battles, but such is the case; and the scenes of the Arabs recruiting their men and women for the NLF, trying to rid the Casbah of squalor and vice, swinging into action against the French by street shooting of policemen and later planting bombs in cafes, dancehalls and such where innocent people would be killed, or the scenes showing the French ruthlessly bombing the Algerians or cruelly torturing NLF men to learn the names of the leaders are done with such reality that the audience becomes involved in the action.

Although "The Battle of Algiers" does not take sides, we find ourselves leaning toward the rebels; therefore it was all the more courageous of Pontecorvo to show the Arabs as brutally ruthless in their warfare as the French. Another amazing thing about this extraordinary film is that although we know none of the actors, the picture has been so well directed and photographed (often with hand-held cameras) that we come to know the characters and identify with certain individuals on both sides of the fence. As history has told us, the NLF lost their battle in 1957; but fortunately an epilogue, set in 1962, shows the outcome, the victory of the freedom fighters and an independent Algeria. "The Battle of Algiers," which for my money turned out to be the best film of the Festival, is now in general release. I hope it gets the audience attention it deserves.

I don't know if "Far From Vietnam" has been bought for distribution in the United States, but in any case, it was the film that closed the Festival, a curious movie to be shown here, or anywhere as a matter of fact. It is meant to be a protest against our involvement in Vietnam and it screams so loudly and fiercely with its anti-U.S. propaganda that it becomes more like a whining whimper. It has been put together by Chris Marker from the work of six directors: Alain Resnais, William Klein, Joris Ivens, Agnes Varda, Claude Lelouch, Jean-Luc Godard. The various segments are not identified with the director, but it is likely that Godard made the one in which he rambles on and on about his not being able to get into North Vietnam which for him is the symbol of resistance today, and that Resnais made the section in which a French actor discusses Herman Kahn's book, *On Escalation*. These two cinematic essays are not too bad, but the others that take the too-easy course of making fun of President Johnson, Vice President Humphrey, General Westmoreland, and other Americans are too obvious and satirical to be taken seriously. Even more ridiculous is the stand that Vietnam is a war of the rich against the poor in which the U.S. is showing that "revolution is a dead end." By the time we get to the segment showing Castro who lectures us on why guerrilla warfare always wins, the film has lost its thinking audience. No doubt many of us are dubious as to the American position in Vietnam. But all this mish-mash of a film does is make the pro-U.S. folk more pro, and the anti-U.S. more anti.

In between these two films the Festival showed some good, some bad and quite a few mediocre movies—which I shall review when they have theatrical release. In the meantime, the Festival, good and bad, was stimulating. Perhaps that's just what a film festival should be.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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PAUL VELDĖ

WOMAN IN A FIELD

My dear woman,
My dear woman
Squatting in the field,
The low sun passes over you,
The furrows underneath you spread outward,
The light on the speeding pane glints
You out like a knife.

On what wall have I seen you?
In what corridor of what museum
Among the lesser mediums
Where no sun, field or furrow
Turns discreetly from your flattened form?

And how shall I address you
Tomorrow or after a year has passed?
I sink low
Engulfed in velveteen,
The conductor's tag is bright orange
And jolts in the receding light.

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ROBERT WALLACE

AFTER THE SWIMMER

Clear, the shaken water
busies in its claws
clouds, light,
from which he climbed.

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BOOKS

Susan Sontag as dandy schoolmarm-novelist

Death Kit

SUSAN SONTAG

Farrar, Straus, $5.75

WILFRID SHEED

Susan Sontag would probably make more sense in France than she does over here. A philosopher-aesthete, with a touch of the schoolmarm and another touch of the journalist, she is both too serious and not serious enough for Anglo-American tastes. Miss Sontag is quite capable of writing a novel just to prove a point, and to tell the class what the Novel should be doing this year; yet in the course of this dandyish performance, to commit herself intensely and imaginatively, like a real novelist.

Death Kit has already received its lumps from critics who resent Miss Sontag's blackboard manner. The book is piled high with tricks and mannerisms, which are easy enough to pick on. But tone isn't everything; good things can be said in falsetto. And Miss Sontag's prose serves a definite purpose in distancing, shrinking and objectifying her subject: the hero of the book is a microscope-salesman, and she has devised a language proper to his occupation. The reviewers, after solemnly praising her intelligence, have assumed she didn't know what she was doing.

Miss Sontag has told us in previous writings what kind of criticism she wants; she is against the kind that looks for meanings, and she recommends "works of art whose surface is so unified and clean, whose momentum is so rapid, whose address is so direct" that the search for meaning is confounded. None of this would really deter your hardened meaning-watcher, who likes nothing better than a clean surface—unless possibly it is rapid momentum, which can be slowed down by inserting a single finger in the works. But by a clumsy irony, she has had her wish after all: her own novel (whose momentum is of the slowest) has received some of the most non-interpretive criticism you could ever hope to see.

I would like to consider here just one possible reading of *Death Kit* which might make a little bit more sense of it: that is, to take it as a fictional gloss on her critique of America in the *Partisan Review* (Winter, 1967). Her story records the interlude between two suicide attempts (as it might be Administrations). The hero has been granted a reprieve like Lazarus. The question is, can he use it? Is there a Resurrection for dead Americans? In his struggles to be reborn, Diddy—I'm afraid the reader just has to get used to that name—tries all the national ruses: Violence, work, non-work, infantilism, marriage. In each role, he hopes to strike live tissue. But his environment is more like a damp matchbox and his efforts end in a dull thunk.

He starts off promisingly with a brutal murder, yet it is also a tentative and trivial murder. Nobody sees him do it or can be made to pay attention afterwards. For want of witnesses, Diddy begins to doubt that he has even done it (hence the name, Did-he? The reviewers have really gone to town on this one). Guilt and punishment, the big Victorian things, are beyond him; all he is allowed, as a modern American, is a constant draining anxiety.

He tries taking up with a blind girl who will cause him to rinse his dead eyes and see the world as her proxy. But the girl is dead too: shutting your eyes doesn't help. And the life-giving powers of romantic love prove a fake. Diddy's lovemaking constitutes in itself a step back toward suicide, a systematic obliteration of consciousness. American violence gives at least a nervous illusion of life. American eroticism is an out-and-out escape from it.

He even tries humor for a few pages, but Miss Sontag isn't much help to him there. The sturdiest gadget in Diddy's kit turns out to be work. This absorbs him without interesting him, a fairly typical American condition. Diddy goes to a big microscope conference upstate and hurls himself into it with fierce abandon. But there is no substance to it. The work is thinner than candy floss: he forgets where he is and what he's doing. So he quits and tries the other gadget, freedom and social irresponsibility, only to find that leisure is even thinner than work. Unfortunately, Diddy has no existence outside of his various contexts. He is not a sensitive man masquerading as a businessman, but a real businessman. Nor is he, later, a businessman playing at being a bum but (now) a real bum. He can be identified only by what he is doing at the moment. The urban, other-directed American is simply the sum of his contexts. And when he has used all these up, infected them all with the same sterile fuss, he can only try death, the context to end contexts.

Diddy, you will have gathered, is not a real man, even by present standards, but an abstraction. Sometimes, in group situations, he becomes "we." At other times, he is Diddy the Depraved, or Diddy the Daring: sometimes, I'm sorry to say, Goody Did. His real mission is to be a naked nerve, recording the painfulness of staying conscious in an ugly, meaningless civilization: a pain that drives so many people in real life to drugs and compulsive fantasy and other forms of living death.

In a final dream sequence, Diddy the Walking Death Wish finds himself in a vast mausoleum surrounded by the well-kept corpses of the past—a pilgrim, a ballplayer, Civil War veterans. Here he discovers a new spring in his step. In reaction and death, the modern American finds release from the obsessive "now," from ugliness and hope alike, from new frontiers and new vulgarities. He also finds himself, in real life, back at war, a war whose "sole measure"

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according to Diddy in an earlier mood, "is how many small-boned yellow bodies huddle and sprawl on the ground." The only good Indian is still a dead Indian: precisely the point Miss Sontag made in the *Partisan Review*.

But this is to overinterpret for sure. Unfortunately, the book must be interpreted somehow or other. The reviewers have asserted in a body that Diddy is not a very interesting hero—which indeed he isn't, unless he is something else as well. The book is not a novel at all in the conventional sense, and can only suffer if treated like one.

And yet it is nothing like so bad, even on those terms, as you may have been led to suppose. Much nonsense has been talked about Miss Sontag's intelligence getting in the way (incidentally, her critical work has been slightly overpraised in compensation), as if the philosophical fable had no antecedent, and as if fiction writers ought to leave their brains at the door; but in fact the book is very well and intricately designed, as a novel, full of set pieces that seem to have been thrown in for the hell of it but turn out to be keystones. Anglo-Americans have a (usually sound) prejudice against philosophical aphorisms in fiction, and Miss Sontag certainly offends against this—but why not? A book exhausts its own species, like an angel: there are no binding rules, except that it be written well.

Miss Sontag, a fiendishly energetic writer, has put in the kind of work few novels get these days, and the result is a quarry that can be returned to, as one does not return to the new Roth or Styron (better writers both, but watch that tortoise), coming back each time with a small bucket of terror, and a slight case of eyestrain. *Death Kit* is a book you can even hate with profit. There is a self-indulgent nihilism about it, as there is about her criticism of America in general: a New Yorker's smug abandonment of the People Out There. But it was worth doing, and she has done it well.

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REVIEWERS

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The Early Poems of Yvor Winters

Alan Swallow, $3.75

RICHARD M. ELMAN

These first poems, which the critic and poet, Yvor Winters, allows to be reprinted here for the first time, are composed in the free verse, imagist, associational styles he was later to rail against:

Leal was dead
And still his wife
Carried in pinelogs
Split and yellow like a man's hair. . .

Not only do they bear the burdens of aesthetic and personal assumptions which he later found insupportable, but they would seem to convict him of the very sensibility which he was to insist was so limiting and, if pursued, self destructive:

My very breath
Disowned
In nights of study,
And page by page
I came on Spring.

Some of the poems are also quite sensual and beautiful, queer little gems of the eye and ear set in the dry landscapes of the Southwest:

The harvest falls
Throughout the valleys
With a sound
Of fire in leaves.

The harsh trees
Heavy with light,
Beneath the flame, and aging,
Have risen higher and higher.

Apricots,
The clustered
Fur of bees,
Above the gray rocks of the upland. . .

To those who have read either the later poetry or the criticism with any sensitivity, none of this should come as a surprise. Intellectually, Winters may take pride in his "reactionary" position in letters, but his sensibility remains that of the modernist. His otherwise caustic polemic against Hart Crane, for example, contained a loving appreciation of the poet's best work; to hear him reading from Crane was to hear him surrendering to the very demons he was seeking to rout. It is also true of some of Winters' printed confrontations with Hopkins or Frost, Rimbaud or Donne or Shakespeare, that the earnestness of the argument and the passion of the pronouncements are sometimes a better indication of Winters' entire response to the man's work than his efforts to put him in his place through learned, often brilliant, critical analyses and judgments.

Allen Tate once described the subject of much of Winters' impressive later poetry as "the dignity of man's commitment to his limitations." This is certainly the commitment of Winters' Socrates—"to formulate forever what is wrong"—and it is the force to be found in Winters' meditational poetry in which, though it be asserted time and again that "the mind" is not "in vain," the poet is all-too-aware of contingency, of the "precarious," of being "betrayed, deserted," with "blackness before, and on the road above/The crowded terror that is human love."

But the Winters of these early poems was not quite yet so convinced of finality. Sometimes he would merely invoke the world about him through an abrupt yoking together of unassimilated sensations so that Los Angeles' sleazyness emerged as "Rosyfingered cocklehouses/burst from burning/rockred plaster hollyhocks/spit crackling mamas/tickled pink. . ." and the trunk of an orange tree could seem a "black serpent/struggling/with your weight of gold." Quite often, too, it was as if the weight of the yoke strongly anticipated the presumed force of the sensations; and the result was an inspired mechanical breakdown.

Thus, it is possible to read these poems, with all their flawed striving after effects, as simply the youthful work of a man of talent and to take delight

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in minor felicities of image and movement, casting aside all else; but it is also possible to find in them certain stray unassimilated tones which here appear almost as disturbances but which will eventually be harmonized to form some of the great fully orchestrated later compositions in rhymed couplets, tetrameter, or blank verse.

"It was the dumb decision of the/ madness of my youth that left me with/ this cold eye for the fact," the young poet remarks with a stinging determination in a free verse poem (one of the very few he was later to include in his *Collected Poems,* 1952) which moves as Dr. Williams' early free verse moves but which is closer in spirit to the conventional Wintersian tone of moral acerbity, to the lines I quoted earlier from "The Grave," for example; and the Los Angeles poem, interestingly enough, was cited anonymously by Winters in one of his numerous polemics against the associational reveries of the modernist in *In Defense of Reason.*

In "A Service For All The Dead" entitled "The Deep" much of the familiar Wintersian diction even emerges in free verse form. He uses phrases such as "Old concentrate of thought" or "the fine cry of Time" but without any of the rhetorical control and meaning which is a hallmark of the later poetry. Here, for example, are some opening lines of a similar character from Winters' masterful "California Oaks": "Spreading and low, unwatered, concentrate/Of years of growth that thickens, not expands,/ With leaves like mica and with roots that grate/Upon the deep foundations of these lands. . ."

"From first to last, most of my favorite poets have been relatively modern, and my methods have been modern," Winters—in a characteristically terse but nevertheless charming biographical note affixed to this collection—declares: ". . . My aim from the first poem . . . was a clean and accurate diction and movement . . . free of clichés . . ." The result, as Tate once described it, was a poetry of "clarity, elegance, and power."

But the experimentalism was not always so controlled, as the reader may here deduce from the evidence of some of Winters' early one-line limitations of American Indian poetry, or of Adelaide Crapsy, Emily Dickinson, and the early Williams. Although the eventual "refinement" of his "style" was to diverge considerably from the propensities exhibited here through the searching out of scholarly precedents, the seeking out of new masters, and the attempt to make a fascinating reevaluation of literary taste and literary history based upon the dominant inclinations of his early work, it is in this early work that one can find the motivation for all this in a fierce love of poetry, a talent which, like the kildee in one of his own poems, "rises/ dazed and rolled amid the sudden blur of sleep/above the dayglare of the fields/ goes screaming/off toward darker hills."

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The Demon and the Dove

ADRIAN VAN KAAM &
KATHLEEN HEALY
Duquesne Univ. Press, $4.95

CHARLES M. HEGARTY

This book is another voice in the choir demanding intramural literary criticism, this time for the interrelationship between psychology and literature. It is concerned with a radical compenetration of literature and existential psychology, which at the same time preserves their respective autonomies. The noted authors try to show how existential psychology and literature "enlighten each other" by revealing "the depths of human experience." Fundamentally, *The Demon and the Dove* accepts Shylock's option to take "just one pound of flesh" but shed no blood.

Even though certain philosophies and psychologies refer directly to human experience, they do so in a "fundamentally different manner than literature does, and effect quite different responses." Since literature is experiential and demands intuition, the mode of understanding man through literature "differs radically from all analytical and deductive approaches to knowledge." Hence van Kaam concludes that "psychology provides structure, literature insight." With this rubric established in the first chapter, the book proceeds to analyze the complementary roles played by psychology and literature in the drama of human awareness.

The chapter on "the demon and the dove" concerns itself with the dark-light antinomies of human experience. Man's potentiality for boundless self-centeredness, hatred and hostility as well as his longing for innocence, truth, beauty and goodness are shown to be "the utter realities of human experience" and to form the polarities of his existential situation. Man is seen as composed of both the demon and the dove, or what Nietzsche called the Dionysian and Apollonian life forces: a fundamental tension translated by van Kaam as man's "existential crisis."

In two of his most interesting chapters, van Kaam delineates the positive and negative phases of this crisis. He points out the great need of man for self-transcendence, especially man as seen in contemporary existential literature. He proceeds to show how this crisis is dramatized in the writings of Shakespeare, Tolstoy, James, Camus and Graham Greene.

His analysis of James' *The Beast in the Jungle* is his most convincing, since the book so easily lends itself to the psychologist's couch. His emphasis on the satirical aspect of Camus' ambiguous novel, *The Fall,* is a pleasant and refreshing corrective to the many recent attempts to make it Camus' refusal

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of the Church's last rites. His psychological approach to Greene's *The Burnt-Out Case* is also a genuine contribution to our understanding of the labyrinthan ghosts of Greeneland. The novels become instances or examples of man's existential crises; if only the book stopped with the exemplar idea!

The co-authors, a noted psychologist and a professor of English, seem to be aware of quicksand, of the dangers "inherent in overlooking the aesthetic medium." Awareness of these dangers, however, is no security against them. In fact, the book succumbs to the circean charms of psychological analysis and becomes a substantial instance of what W. K. Wimsatt calls the "affective fallacy." It so confuses literature and its results that under the magic of the psychologist's wand, literature as such disappears. The book cuts open many literary specimens, allowing us a vision of the skeleton beneath the flesh and sinews, but instead of a simple diagnosis it gives us an autopsy.

It is one thing to say that "the existential psychological construct of authentic will as opened to reality" provides a framework within which to study *Measure for Measure*. But it is quite another thing to create a psychological procrustean bed for Tolstoy's Anna Karenina. Anna becomes only the sum of her psychological disorders, slowly loses her personhood in the family of great literature, and ultimately dies under the psychologist's scalpel. Likewise to read *The Glass Menagerie* or *The Great Gatsby* to find negative models for human behavior is to frustrate genuine literary experience. Literature, then, plays harlot to didactic rubrics and thus loses all autonomy.

The purpose of *The Demon and the Dove* is to show that there can be "personality growth through literature" and that this is a free gift given with aesthetic experience. Yet the book overlooks the inner make-up of literature, and aesthetic experience becomes simply ascetic experience leading to the good life. Literature becomes a psychological panacea; personal and mental hygiene is its reward. This is the unpardonable sin of univocal literary criticism.

Hence, *The Demon and the Dove*, in attempting to take just one pound of flesh actually draws blood and leaves literature a lifeless corpse.

One Man's Destiny

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV

Alfred A. Knopf, $4.95

MARTIN GREEN

Sholokhov's is a major talent, but, for a major talent, it is unusually simple to characterize, and unusually limited in its scope. He is very much better at long panoramic novels than at short stories, very much better at lyrically beautiful description and colorfully violent action than at presenting sophisticated minds in relations at all approaching a comedy of manners, very much better using primitive material with which he is non-rationally involved than attempting cheerful and reasonable realism. On the whole, then, we could not expect the work included in this volume—short stories, polemical articles, topical sketches—to compare well with *And Quiet Flows the Don* or with *The Don Flows Home to the Sea*. It was to be expected that the title story would be much superior to the rest, because it is much longer, and because it encapsulates all the violent and various experience of the Second World War for Russia, and orchestrates it romantically and elegiacally.

The striking thing, for me, was that the straightforward propagandist pieces of the time of the war, celebrating the Motherland and exhorting hatred of the invaders, are not as authoritative as one might have expected. Given the primitiveness of Sholokhov's talent, in the sense defined above, as well as the primitiveness of his mind, these pieces of passionate rhetoric might have been quite authentic, and in that case remarkably interesting to a Western reader. For of course, a lot of Sholokhov's fascination for us must derive from his cultural exoticism, from his representing a culture where major literary talent puts itself at the service of the official mind and the official truths, instead of instinctively working against them.

For instance, in the piece entitled "On

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. . . are among the authors discussed with penetration in recent issues of Commonweal. Interest in ideas, in contemporary writing and the arts—as manifest in this October 20 issue—serves as counterpoint to a focus on political, social and religious questions to form a meaningful whole.

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the Cossack Collective Farms," written in 1941, the second paragraph goes like this: "Carts loaded with grain from the new harvest drag along over the steppe byroads to the grain collection points. Swaying majestically, enormous wagons, piled high with splendid hay which has not seen rain, as green as an onion, roll by. The Red Army needs everything. And everything is being done for the army. All thoughts are turned to the front. And in all hearts is only one desire: to break the back of the accursed Fascist reptile as quickly as possible."

No Western writer, of Sholokhov's order of talent, would be likely to write those last sentences, so flatly fulfilling the expectations set up by the early sentences—such a conventional and official expectation. Sholokhov is hard for us to read. We tend either to deny his talent or to over-read the expectation and its fulfillment.

However, I'm not implying that to avoid these two opposite fallacies is to find such pieces very impressive. Sholokhov writes propaganda without betraying his integrity as much as the typical Western writer would, but what he writes remains propaganda. In this book which includes articles, stories and sketches, his talent is to be felt only—and there at half-pressure—only in "One Man's Destiny." It is felt there in the conventional but fully realized setting for the story, in the shifting and yet steady time-perspective, which harmonizes and mellows the strong crude colors of the subject-matter, and above all in the variety and mosaic of those colors, of the different kinds of comedy, pathos, grotesque horror, stoic nobility, all kinds within the compass of Sholokhov's homely but romantic heroism.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued on page 67)

get down into the nasty business of recommending risky alternatives among bad choices.

In response to Mr. Deedy's unilateral expulsion of CAIP from "the peace community" I would say:

1)—My statement was concurred in by the majority of my Board of Governors. Not all agree with me on our policy in Vietnam or on all the points made in the statement but the overwhelming majority agreed that it was appropriate and useful for me to make the statement protesting counter-city bombing. Those involved in this judgment were: vice presidents Jean-Robert Leguey-Feilleux, Rev. Barry Rankin, C.P., Vaile Scott; executive secretary, Msgr. George G. Higgins; Board of Governors James E. Dougherty, Father Robert F. Drinan, S.J., Hon. Charles Fahy, Victor C. Ferkiss, Richard Greer, Robert G. Hoyt, Mrs. John J. Muccio, Quentin Quade, Father Richard C. Spillane, S.J., Sister M. Thomasine, O.P., Bishop John J. Wright, Alba Zizzamia. I would contend that this represents a cross-section of individuals, of widely differing viewpoints, who have earned their right to remain in the "peace community."

2)—CAIP is in its 40th year. It has fought many battles, in season and out of season, for implementation of the social teachings of the Church on international relations. Today it is probably well out in front of the rank and file of American Catholics on key issues of peace and war, as it should be. We were here before Mr. Deedy and we do not apologize to him or his own preferred members of "the peace community" for not following every fad in "the peace movement."

3)—CAIP is cooperating with Negotiation Now! It is cooperating with efforts to get the Senate to ratify the Genocide and Human Rights Conventions. It is cooperating with organizations supporting a nuclear non-proliferation treaty. It fights in the ranks of the rearguard of those who are for foreign aid from the rich countries to the poor. It has held conferences on timely and controversial subjects such as the population explosion and world poverty and their threat to peace. The most highly qualified individuals, regardless of religion or viewpoint, were invited to participate in these conferences and accorded a thoughtful hearing.

4)—This year, from Oct. 27-29,

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CAIP will hold its 40th Annual Conference at Dunbarton College in Washington, D.C., on the subject: "Selective Conscientious Objection in an Age of Conflict." Leading Catholic and Protestant theologians, lawyers, political scientists and government representatives will participate.

We invite Mr. Deedy and all of *Commonweal*'s readers to our meeting. We in CAIP claim no monopoly of knowledge or wisdom with respect to the dilemmas of foreign affairs. We have been trying—with virtually no support—for 40 years to grapple with those dilemmas. Mr. Deedy can think and write what he wants about me as an individual. He can say that I am an unworthy president of the Catholic Association for International Peace and I will not protest. These are personal, relatively minor matters. But Mr. Deedy cannot be permitted to read the Catholic Association for International Peace out of "the peace community." He has neither the competence nor authority to do so and the record will not sustain his summary judgment. WILLIAM V. O'BRIEN
President, CAIP

Negotiate, How?

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: As your issue of Sept. 22 makes clear, the war in Vietnam is complex, but it seems to me that your authors, writing almost as one, indicate that a negotiated settlement is the obvious answer to the complexities surrounding the Vietnamese conflict. The question seems to be: "How can we bring about negotiations?" The objectives of the current national citizens' campaign for new initiatives to bring about those negotiations are both crystal clear and distinctly differentiated from other peace efforts.

Negotiation Now! calls for an unconditional end to the bombing of North Vietnam as a *first* step. We recognize that ending the bombing will not end the war; there are other considerations. After our planes are grounded we ask the United States to take other initiatives, like announcing a definite time and place when our negotiators will appear ready to negotiate with official representatives of all parties to this tragic conflict.

Realistically, Negotiation Now! addresses itself to the other side, understanding that Communist power and purpose does indeed have something to do with the perpetuation of the war. Accordingly, Negotiation Now! asks North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front "to respond affirmatively to any new United States initiatives and to join with the U.S. in a stand-still cease fire." Obviously the call of Negotiation Now! is concerned about our moral posture and believes that this program gives the U.S. a "moral alternative to our stated policy of bringing about negotiations by force, or to the devastation of all all-out war, and a more realistic alternative than unilateral withdrawal."

While it is true to state, as one of your authors does, that critics of the war can be "roughly divided between advocates of a negotiated settlement and advocates of withdrawal," I do not believe that the "antagonism" between the groups is "surprising." The fact is the differences are both tactical and substantive. This last point, it seems to me, is crucial to a proper evaluation of the broadest-based coalition ever brought together in the United States to end the war honorably. I would suggest, for instance, that the most significant breakthrough in the peace movement in America—the support of one Archbishop and six bishops of the Catholic Church—has come precisely because of the realistic program of Negotiation Now! which has presented a clear, specific and responsible program rather than a simplistic call for unilateral withdrawal.

Negotiation Now! does not seek to lay blame; rather, in a most realistic way, a way in which the United States government can supplement its words by its deeds, Negotiation Now! seeks a solution. As Pope Paul has indicated, the conflict will end by negotiation in any event. We ask for those negotiations *now* rather than at some *future* date. THOMAS FRANCIS RITT
East Coast Coordinator
Negotiation Now!

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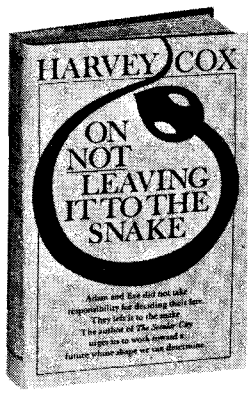
A new book by the author of THE SECULAR CITY

ON NOT LEAVING IT TO THE SNAKE

Harvey Cox



What went wrong in the Garden of Eden was that Adam and Eve did not take responsibility for deciding their fate. They let the serpent decide. In this book, the author of *The Secular City* discusses a future whose shape we can determine and for which we should take responsibility. Dr. Cox examines this issue, in theory and as a personal stance, and in relation to such areas as urban affairs, the shape of the Church, and the Marxist-Christian dialogue. $4.95

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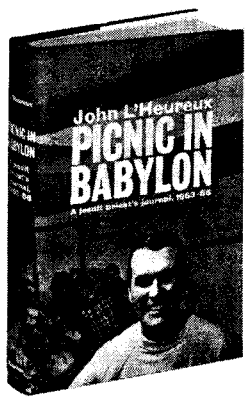

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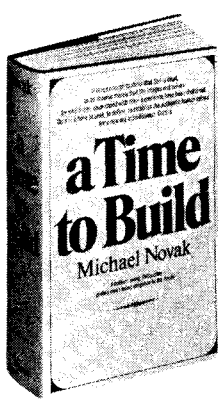
A TIME TO BUILD

Michael Novak



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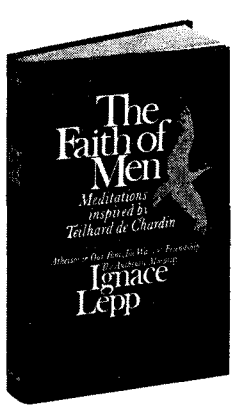

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